

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

## NEW SERIES.

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#### THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

##### NO. I.—THE SPANISH UNIVERSITIES.

[In conformity with a promise which was made in our prospectus, and repeated in our last number, we now present our readers with the first of a series of articles on the European and American Universities. Each of these articles will be written, or the materials for it furnished, by a member of the university it describes, a circumstance which will account for any differences of style or of sentiment which they may exhibit. It would be easy for the editor to remodel these papers, as they come into his hands, according to his own ideas; but it seems far better to leave them unaltered, in order that the reader, besides obtaining a more perfect knowledge of the frame of these institutions, may have an opportunity of comparing the habits of thought which characterise those who have been educated in them.]

THE universities of Spain present us with subjects for inquiry, which are in many respects the same with those afforded by the other academical institutions of Europe. They are the offspring of the middle ages, and of the wants then felt by the literary world; they owe their origin to causes embodied in the character of that period, their endowments to its resources, their laws to its spirit, and, until a time not very distant from our own, their results have been such as might have been expected from its institutions. The University of Salamanca had at first a kindred form to those of Coimbra, Paris, and Oxford. Its founder, the celebrated Alphonso el Sabio, collected within its walls whatever knowledge the thirteenth century could supply, whether in science, arts, or literature, all of which had been raised by the Spanish Moors to a perfection far beyond the general ignorance of the age. The University of Alcalá was established by Cardinal Cisneros, and the omnipotence of that monk-minister armed its theological instructions with all the authority of intolerant power, and all the arrogant infallibility of the chiefs of the Inquisition. The University of Valladolid was exalted by the patronage of the Austrian dynasty into rivalry with the two above-named institutions; and completed the Trinity of *Universidades Mayores*, or Great Universities, which are so respected in Spain, and which have uniformly braved every power in the state, except that of the Inquisition. Besides these three principal establishments, there was a fourth beyond the limits of Spain, and which, like them, was in the highest class of academic greatness. This was the college exclusively for Spaniards, founded in the University of Bologna, by the Cardinal Gil de Albornoz. He was compelled to flee from the wrath of Peter the Cruel, who delighted in humiliating the pope and his delegates, and the cardinal took into Italy a crowd of distinguished men, who, in turn, brought back to Spain that subtilty and those other peculiarities of the scholastic taste, afterwards so deeply rooted in the Peninsula.

The other universities, to the number of twenty-four, reckoning among them monastic colleges and seminaries which enjoy university privileges, such, for instance, as Onate and Iracho, are called *Uni-*

*versidades Menores*, or Inferior; and, when compared with the three greater universities, they are in fact more or less inferior, not only in literary influence and reputation, but also in the extent of their endowments, in the number of their professorships, and in the importance attached to the degrees they confer. This importance is partly measured by the expenses which the course requires. Thus the doctor's degree at Salamanca is much more valuable, being much more costly than that at Sigüenza, where graduated the village priest of Don Quixote, who satirically designates him a graduate of this *Universidad Menor*.

The plan of study pursued in these universities has been always nearly the same. To establish one professorship or do away with another; to change the hour of lectures, and other literary exercises; to lessen or enlarge the jurisdiction of the rector and other authorities of the several universities, to substitute one work for another in the studies of the various classes, are nearly all the objects of the thousand and one statutes registered by the respective bodies since the first year of their foundation. In 1806 the minister Caballero drew up an uniform plan of study for all the universities, which still bears his name, but which presented nothing worthy of admiration, or even remark, in a crisis when Spain, having been shaken by the war of succession, and having been urged strenuously forward by the enlightened ministers of that well-disposed monarch, Charles III. and above all, being animated by the revolutionary spirit so universally imbibed among the middle classes from the example of the French, cried aloud for the establishment of a new system of public education. All instruction on the subjects of municipal and natural law, and of the law of nations, was still prohibited, as in the reign of Charles III.; the professors were required to express themselves favourably with regard to the tenets of the Council of Constance—all calculated to confirm the most absolute despotism both of the throne and the altar. The course of study requisite to attain the several degrees in each department continued unchanged: the degree of bachelor of arts was attained in two years, that of bachelor of civil or canon law, physic, or theology, at the end of four,—that of doctor in six more; that of licentiate for the bar or medical profession in nearly the same time which was divided between theory and practice in the courts or in the hospitals. By the same plan several of the minor universities were suppressed, reducing them to the number of eight; but the privilege of passing a course of philosophy, on the same footing as at the universities, was preserved to certain seminaries or houses of education, directly inspected by the government; such as those of Madrid, Valencia, and Vergara; as well as to the diocesan seminaries established by a canon of the Council of Fuente.

Otherwise the reforms of Caballero did not go beyond those secondary objects which we have mentioned. Nevertheless his regulations are at present but imperfectly observed; and the path he pursued has been almost entirely retrodden. There not only exists at present nearly the same number of inferior universities, (among which Saragossa, Valencia, Seville, Grenada, Itruria, Cervera, Toledo, Santiago,

&c., are the most distinguished,) but we also find the same rules for the course of instruction, for the acquisition of degrees, and for the authority of the directors. In every chief university (*universidad mayor*) there were two colleges, called also *mayores*, which some years ago were suppressed, and their property and incomes applied to the service of the state. The *colegiales* of Salamanca, Alcalá, and Valladolid, have always enjoyed a considerable literary reputation, which has in general been well deserved, owing to the especial care with which their studies have been superintended. The other students, living for the most part in private lodgings beyond the walls of the college, have been, and commonly are, extremely neglected.

We have hinted at the time required for becoming a Spanish physician. Do our readers wish to know in what time they may become surgeons? The future Spanish surgeon commences with being a barber,—after having studied the management of the razor thoroughly for two years, he adds to this discipline what is called the practice of the hospitals. The next step is, that he should be examined, and nearly always approved by other barber-surgeons who have passed through the same course. By this means he becomes what is called "*Cirujano Romanista*," or a surgeon who only studies surgical books which are written in the Roman or Castilian language. There are, moreover, "*Cirujanos Latinos*," who prosecute their studies systematically, and it must be confessed, in a style worthy of the advanced state of the sciences, at colleges established for the special purpose at Madrid, Cadiz, and Barcelona; for it may be affirmed generally, that the Spanish first-rate cities, and those on the coast, unite all the civilization of the country; and that this civilization is on a par with that of most other European nations, with this difference, of course, that the various classes do not to the same extent participate in it. Of late, the study of pharmacy has been in some measure organized, and a preparation in sound theory has been joined to a practice cleared of technical routine and improved by the most important discoveries in natural philosophy. But the studies of the notary and the attorney are altogether nugatory. The chicanery which is learnt in the study of the same advocate, or still more frequently in the office of another notary or attorney, is followed by an examination, purely ceremonial, and provided the candidate has obtained one of the "*escribanias*," (the appointment of notary,) or "*procurarias*," (the appointment of attorney,) of which appointments there is in general a fixed number in each town, at the disposition of the *ayuntamiento*, or municipal council, he is sure to be declared a sufficient proficient to sophisticate the judges, and cheat the suitors.

Our readers will perceive, from what we have said, that the public studies in the Peninsula do not offer many securities for the attainment of true science, or even of the knowledge they profess to communicate, whether we turn to the *Facultades Mayores*, as theology, jurisprudence, and medicine are there called, or reflect on the way in which the lancet is connected with the razor, and law with chicanery.

These sad results acquire still more importance when one is acquainted with the manner in which



the students live in the university towns; but at the same time it must be acknowledged, that from this same abandonment proceed, one knows not how, effects which could not possibly have been anticipated. It is true that at this day the great number of well-instructed men whom Spain can boast in every branch of knowledge are not indebted for their attainments to the universities; but it is these establishments which have preserved the seeds of those sciences which are now cultivated with success, and which bear promise of most admirable fruits, so soon as a good and rational system shall be adopted by the government. The "humanities," the mathematics, and the oriental languages will ever be indebted for their flourishing condition to the professors of the University of Salamanca. The School of Medicine, conducted on the principles of Dr. Pigner, will confer lasting honour on the University of Valencia; while teachers of pure morality and of rational theology have more than once put to shame that superstition and casuistry which had been fulminated from the choirs of the doctors of Alcalá. The profound jurisconsults of Valladolid have searched and decided the most difficult questions; and everywhere, even in universities established in those towns where the papal and monastic influence is most felt, canonists have always been found to resist the usurpation of the court of Rome, in despite of the Inquisition of which the hateful *surveillance* has been defeated by the strength of sound Catholic doctrine, understood according to reason, and sustained by courage and virtue. Will it be believed? In no Catholic country have the power and the arrogance of the sovereign of the Tiber been more resolutely braved than in Spain; nowhere has more zeal been manifested in support of the government and the secular authority, whenever encroachments have been attempted by the bishop of Rome; and we may assert with confidence, that if the rulers of Spain had known how to apply the aid which has been lent them by the jurisconsults, the prelates and the doctors of her universities, the ignominious yoke had long been shaken off, and the sole obstacle removed which opposes itself to the regeneration of that country.

It is foreign from our present purpose to speak of those studies which are pursued beyond the limits of our universities, at the diocesan seminaries, the schools of navigation established in the ports and towns where there is a Tribunal of Commerce, the royal foundations of St. Isidora of Madrid, and many other preparatory institutions, academies of the fine arts, economical and agricultural societies, &c. We shall, therefore, terminate this article with a sketch of the local customs of the universities, and the very peculiar method of life which is adopted by the students of different classes who frequent them.

The universities are, in general, governed by a director, who is frequently a member of the council of Castille, or a grandee of Spain; and by a rector, who is chosen annually, or, in some places, triennially from among the doctors or licenciates of the university. The director is a sort of general overseer or titular dignitary. The rector exercises a surveillance over the students, is the superior of all the professors, and the keeper of the statutes. The censor is an authority established to bestow the previous "*visa*," upon the conclusions of all the literary theses on which discussions are instituted either for degrees or for forensic practice. In the cities where there is a *cour royale*, the attorney-general of that court is the censor ex officio of the university. The counsellors ("*concliaarios*") are doctors, licenciates, and occasionally even bachelors, chosen from among the grandees of the university, to deliberate, when occasion requires it, about matters connected with its interior management. The professors (*catedráticos*) are generally chosen, in consequence of a recommendation which they have obtained at the general assembly, which is always convened, when there is a chair vacant; they are either professors of the "*prima*," those who deliver their lectures in the morning, or professors of the "*vesperas*," those who deliver them in the afternoon; they are paid either from general funds, which constitute the university income, or from special funds, appropriated

in each university, to the advancement of some particular branch of education, according to the will of the founder; they have the right of choosing substitutes among the bachelors of their respective faculties, and the substitutes have a great chance of eventually obtaining a chair themselves, or some office under the university. There are, also, in several of the universities, one or more judges, who, in the character of assessors of the rector, take cognisance of the offences of the students, in the style of a university police, and also carry on contests with the civil authorities, when it is in contemplation to prosecute or to institute any civil suit against an individual within the university jurisdiction. These contests are very frequent, and occasionally very animated. The students, in general, live out of the university walls, in the houses of private individuals. They must appear in the university between the 18th of October (*la St. Luc*) and the 29th of November, (*la St. Catherine*), when the matriculation lists are closed, and they cannot be included in that year's course. The courses of lectures are open till midsummer, but generally the students are permitted to quit the university after Easter, and they have, besides, a fortnight's vacation at Christmas. The other students are pensioners of some colleges established in the same city, or else are monks, who leave their convents, in order to join the university classes, in case they wish to obtain any higher degrees than those of bachelor or master of arts, which they can obtain in their own institutions.

Some of the rectors are very rigorous in their regulations about the costume which the students are obliged to wear. This costume consists of the same cowl, and large black cloak, which are worn by the Spanish priests, and they are only distinguished from them by the hat, that of the students being three-cornered. The students, for the most part, are very careful to be well dressed beneath, and to wear the *manteos*, or scholastic dress, as torn and shabby as possible, in order to revenge themselves on the rector for his impositions. In order to keep a course, attendance twice a-day on the professor is requisite. By voluntary absence of fifteen days, it is lost; but if the absence has been occasioned by illness, the student is allowed to compensate for it, by remaining at the university during the "*cursillo*," or short supplementary course after the general one is closed.

There are diocesan seminaries, in which, as we have observed, a student may attend courses of philosophical lectures, and the statutes of which require that every student should communicate once a month in the chapel of the seminary; if he is absent once, he loses his course, whatever progress he may have made in other respects, as a student. In the universities established in small cities, the rector, with his *alguasils*, performs his rounds every night through the habitations of the students, as a patrol visits the gates in a fortified town, in order to see whether any one is carrying on nightly studies, (*vela*), in his chamber; Sundays and Thursdays are exempted from this surveillance, and these evenings the students may go into society, (*la Turlula*) or to the *ronda*, or may perform a serenade, to as late an hour as nine or ten p. m. Except at this time, he is punished, if he is found in the street playing his guitar—an instrument inseparable from the Spanish student.

The professors in general take very little pains to ascertain the progress of their pupils. If the student has attended the class regularly night and morning, they deliver him a certificate of having kept his course without further examination. As soon as he has attended a certain number of courses, he presents himself for a degree, the examination for which is in general merely formal; and thus it happens that he is so often absolutely ignorant. In the greater universities, it is only upon the candidates for the degree of doctor, and upon those for the degree of bachelor when there is a dispensation with the fourth year of attendance, that an examination of the slightest rigour is enjoined. In the great cities, where it is impossible to exercise a surveillance over the students at their houses, they are totally abandoned to work as little or as much as they please. Nevertheless the theological students

are in the habit of forming themselves into academies, where establishing laws and conventional punishments for disobedience, they exert their talents out of class hours, under the direction of a president of their own choice. The medical students occasionally do the same; but the students in jurisprudence never, for this simple reason that the others are in the habit of doing it; there being nothing more fierce than the little rivalries between the students of the different "*faculties*." The students in jurisprudence, for the most part, belong to good families; and as they are independent, they regard with a sort of disdain those of the other "*faculties*;" especially the theologians, among whom there are a great number who are servants of canons, of monks, and even of old ladies. They are often seen carrying a basket of provisions for the establishment of their masters or mistresses, following them at night with a lantern, or acting as companions to the young gentlemen (*senoritos*) of the house when they are sent to school, to mass, or to take an airing. These services at the end of some years are recompensed by some trifling ecclesiastical preferment in a village or a cathedral, which the master has in his own gift, or which he can obtain through his influence. Occasionally priests are seen to emerge from this rank who render themselves notorious by their talents as *curés*. But there is another class still more abject—these are the students who live upon the soup and charity which is dispensed every day at the gate of some convents. These unfortunate beings have no other property than their class-book, their miserable gown, and, many of them, having no other lodging than the peristyle of some church. Nevertheless they are seen regularly at the classes, keeping their courses, receiving degrees, aspiring after academic and other ecclesiastical comforts, and not seldom carrying them by their merit and talents, destitute as they are of any other recommendation. Many of them, not to say the greater part, quit the university town at the end of the annual course, and wander about all the summer, in bands of four or six, provided with guitars, student songs (*coplas estudiantinas*) begging alms. This they call, among themselves, "*audar a la tuna*," vagabondizing, and so great are the temptations which this mode of life holds out to all classes of the students, that many of those who belong to respectable families consider it a refinement of gentility to join these bands, and take part in the "*tuna*." These manners have given a character quite peculiar to the Spanish student: they make him one of the most popular characters in the nation, and the most capable of furnishing tricks and adventures for the entertainment of society. This induced Cervantes to say of the innkeeper who conferred on Don Quixote the order of knighthood, that he was *mas maleante que estudiante o page*—a greater rogue than a student or a page.

## NEW BOOKS.

### FRANKLIN'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

*Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827. By CAPTAIN FRANKLIN. Including an Account of a Detachment to the Eastward. By DR. RICHARDSON. 4to. pp. 504. London, 1828. Murray.*

THE readers of Captain Franklin's last journey will scarcely be unreasonable enough to expect that any thing like the same deep and extraordinary interest should attach to the present one. We do not know how far the benevolence of travel-readers may go, but we hope there are at least some who would not have wished to purchase the excitement and pleasure which the perusal of that voyage occasioned them, at the price of the tremendous suffering which it occasioned the heroic beings who were actors in it; and we are quite sure that there must be a great many now who have become so intimate with these enterprising and strong-hearted men, while they were studying the history of their late adventures, and acquired such an interest in their fortunes, that they would feel it a personal grievance if there were



the same fearful romance about the present expedition as belonged to its predecessor. And as it is only in the heart-rending details of that last narrative, that the new one will be found deficient,—as it contains abundance of facts, as it communicates in the same frank and pleasant manner, plentiful accounts of the natives of the regions through which Captain Franklin passed—accounts, too, of a more exhilarating character, as they prove the people to have improved in civilization even within the short period since they were last visited by Europeans; and lastly, as the tidings respecting the main object of the journey, are at least as encouraging as could be expected, we cannot conceive that any reader will be justified in complaining of any disappointment from the volume before us.

The Narrative commences with the arrival of the captain and his companions, Lieutenant Back, Mr. Kendall, Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Drummond, on the 29th June, 1825, at the river Methye, lat. 56. 10., long. 108. 50., near the head of the waters that flow into Hudson Bay from the north, to join the boats which were sent from England in the preceding year. The narrative of the journey thence to their arrival at Fort Norman, which is within four days' journey of Bear's Lake, contains no details of any interest. There it was arranged that Dr. Richardson should go down, accompanied by Mr. Kendall, to collect information either from observation, or from the Esquimaux, or Locheux Indians, respecting the state of the ice in summer and autumn; that Dr. Richardson should proceed in a boat along the northern shores of Bear Lake, to the part where it approached nearest to the Coppermine River, and there fix on a spot to which he might bring the party the following year, on its return from the mouth of the river; and that, during the absence of these gentlemen, Lieutenant Back should superintend the measures necessary for the comfortable quartering of the members of the expedition during the winter. It is in consequence of this arrangement, and the journeys in the following year consequent upon it, that the narratives of Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson divide.

From the accounts of this experimental excursion of Captain Franklin, we select the following interesting description:—

"The atmosphere was so thick on the morning of the 16th as to confine our view to a few yards; we therefore remained at the encampment till the sun had sufficient power to remove the fog: temperature of the air 39 deg. Embarking at eleven a.m., we continued our course along the shore of Ellice island, until we found its coast trending southward of east. There we landed, and were rejoiced at the sea-like appearance to the northward. This point is in latitude 69 deg. 14 min. N., longitude 135 deg. 57 min. W., and forms the north-eastern entrance to the main channel of the Mackenzie River, which, from Slave Lake to this point is 1045 miles, according to our survey. An island was now discovered to the N.E., looking blue, from its distance, towards which the boat was immediately directed. The water, which for the last eight miles had been very shallow, became gradually deeper, and of a more green colour, though still fresh, even when we had entirely lost sight of the eastern land. In the middle of the traverse, we were caught by a strong contrary wind, against which our crews cheerfully contended for five hours, though drenched by the spray, and even by the waves, which came into the boat. Unwilling to return without attaining the object of our search, when the strength of the rowers was nearly exhausted, as a last resource, the sails were set double-reefed, and our excellent boat mounted over the waves in the most buoyant manner. An opportune alteration of the wind enabled us, in the course of another hour, to fetch into smoother water, under the shelter of the island. We then pulled across a line of strong ripple which marked the termination of the fresh water, that on the seaward side being brackish; and in the further progress of three miles to the island, we had the indescribable pleasure of finding the water decidedly salt.

"The sun was setting as the boat touched the

beach, and we hastened to the most elevated part of the island, about 250 feet high, to look around; and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us. The Rocky Mountains were seen from S.W. to W. & N.; and from the latter point, round by the north, the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation. Many seals, and black and white whales were sporting on its waves; and the whole scene was calculated to excite in our minds the most flattering expectations as to our own success, and that of our friends in the Hecla and the Fury. There were two groups of islands at no great distance; to the one bearing S.E. I had the pleasure of affixing the name of my excellent friend and companion Mr. Kendall, and to that bearing N.E. the name of Pelly was given, as a tribute justly due to the governor of the Hudson Bay Company, for his earnest endeavours to promote the progress and welfare of the expedition. A similar feeling towards my much-esteemed friend Mr. Garry, the deputy governor of the company, prompted me to appropriate his name to the island on which we stood,—a poor, indeed, but heartfelt expression of gratitude, for all his active kindness and indefatigable attention to the comfort of myself and my companions.

"During our absence the men had pitched the tent on the beach, and I caused the silk union-flag to be hoisted, which my deeply-lamented wife had made and presented to me, as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the expedition reached the sea. I will not attempt to describe my emotions as it expanded to the breeze—however natural, and, for the moment, irresistible, I felt that it was my duty to suppress them, and that I had no right, by an indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace that I could command, in the general excitement, I endeavoured to return, with corresponding cheerfulness, their warm congratulations on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

"Some spirits, which had been saved for the occasion, were issued to the men; and with three fervent cheers they drank to the health of our beloved monarch, and to the continued success of our enterprise. Mr. Kendall and I had also reserved a little of our brandy, in order to celebrate this interesting event; but Baptiste, in his delight of beholding the sea, had set before us some salt water, which having been mixed with the brandy before the mistake was discovered, we were reluctantly obliged to forego the intended draught, and to use it in the more classical form of a libation poured on the ground."

Captain Franklin was now anxious to cross over to the western shore, and to reach if possible the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but severe gales of wind coming on, and the season being already far advanced, (18th of August,) it was deemed more prudent to direct the boat's head to the entrance of the river. The return by the rapids must have been fruitful in splendid scenery, but unfortunately for the reviewers, though not for the readers of his book, the expedition had such excellent draftsmen in Mr. Kendall and Lieutenant Back, that the narrators generally think themselves at liberty to omit verbal descriptions.

"On the 25th we came to the aspiu, poplar, and larch, in latitude 67 deg. 10 min. N., and were not a little surprised to observe the change in their foliage within the last fortnight. Their leaves had assumed the autumnal tint, and were now fast falling. The wild fowl were hastening in large flocks to the south, and every appearance warned us that the fine season drew near its close.

"In the passage through the rampart defile, several families of the Hare Indians were observed encamped on the heights, for the purpose of gathering berries, which were at this time ripe, and in the best flavour. At the first sight of the boat the women and children scampered down wherever descent was practicable, to get at their canoes, that they might cross over to us, but we travelled so fast that only a few could overtake the boat. The Indians

who reside near this river, from their want of skill in hunting, principally subsist, from spring to autumn, on the produce of their fishing nets, and on wild berries. At the influx of small streams, or wherever there is any eddy, a net is set. In shallow water it is suspended upon sticks planted in a semicircle, so as to inclose the mouth of the river, or the sweep of the eddy; but where the water is deep, and the shore bold or rocky, two stout poles are firmly secured at a short distance from the water's edge, the breadth of the net apart, to the ends of which pliable rods are fastened, of a length sufficient to hang over the water, and to these the net is attached. In the winter these Indians snare hares, which are very abundant in this quarter.

"On the 29th we arrived at the upper rapids, which were scarcely discernible at the time of our descent; but from the falling of the water since that time, there was a dry sand-bank of considerable extent in the centre, and the waters on each side of it were broken and covered with foam. Augustus being tired of tracking, had wandered from us to the extremity of this bank, from whence he could not be extricated without great hazard, unless by making him return to the bottom of the rapid. As this, however, would have compelled the poor fellow to pass the night upon the sand-bank, Mr. Kendall undertook to bring him off, by running with the current to the point at the commencement of the rapids, which he effected in a masterly manner, although the boat struck twice, and was in considerable danger from the violence of the eddies."

In the next chapter, we have a lively description of the winter quarters of the whole party (Dr. Richardson having rejoined the captain,) at Fort Franklin:—

"Our constant occupations had made the time pass so swiftly, that the shortest day came almost unexpectedly upon us. The sun rose this morning, (the 22nd,) at ten hours, twenty-four minutes,—thirteen seconds earlier than its appearance was expected from calculation, owing to the great refraction. Mr. Kendall and I measured its meridional altitude from the lake with two instruments, the one bringing its upper limb to the top of the land four miles distant, the elevation of which had been ascertained to be eight minutes, and the other to its base, the depression of which was two minutes. The mean of both these observations, corrected for refraction by the tables in the Nautical Almanack, gave a result of 65 deg. 11 min. 56 sec. N., which latitude exactly corresponds with the best observations made in the preceding autumn. At eight hours, thirty minutes p. m. a halo was observed, whose radius measured 28 deg. 40 min. from the moon; and at an equal altitude with the latter body there were two parasele-næ, which, as well as the moon, were intersected by a luminous circle, having the zenith for its centre, and a diameter of 94 deg. 15 min. The length of our shortest day did not exceed five hours, but the long nights were enlivened by most brilliant moonlight, and we had frequent and very fine appearances of the aurora borealis. The latter phenomenon made some of its grandest displays on the 26th of October, the 2nd of November, and the 7th of December. On all these occasions the disturbed motions of the magnetic needle were very remarkable, and a most careful series of the observations convinced the party that they had a close connection with the direction of the beams of light of which the aurora was composed. My observations also led me to conclude that the deviations of the needle were, in a certain degree, connected with changes in the weather; for, previous to a gale or a snow-storm, the deviations were always considerable; but during the continuance of the gale, the needle almost invariably remained stationary.

"Preparations were made for the celebration of Christmas. The house was replastered with mud, all the rooms whitewashed and repainted, and Matthews displayed his taste by ornamenting a chandelier with cut paper and trinkets. On the evening of the 24th, the Indian hunters' women and children were invited to share in a game of snap-dragon, to them an entire novelty. It would be as difficult to describe the delight which the sport afforded them



after they recovered their first surprise, as to convey the full effect of the scene. When the candles were extinguished, the blue flame of the burning spirits shone on the rude features of our native companions, in whose countenances were portrayed the eager desire of possessing the fruit, and the fear of the penalty. Christmas Day falling on a Sunday, the party were regaled with the best fare our stores could supply; and on the following evening a dance was given, at which were present sixty persons, including the Indians, who sat as spectators of the merry scene. Seldom, perhaps, in such a confined space as our hall, or in the same number of persons, was there greater variety of character, or greater confusion of tongues. The party consisted of Englishmen, Highlanders, (who mostly conversed with each other in Gaelic,) Canadians, Esquimaux, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Hare Indians, Cree women and children, mingled together in perfect harmony. The amusements were varied by English, Gaelic, and French songs. After these holidays were over, the Dog-Ribs at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of Mr. Dease, and removed in a body to a distant part of the lake, where they now confessed the fishery was more abundant. As the hunters were drawing rations from our store, he despatched them in quest of deer, furnishing them also with nets. After which there remained at the establishment only one infirm Indian and his wife."

Here Captain Franklin observed that the magnetic needle oscillated whenever he approached it in a dress of water-proof cloth, though it remained stationary when any of the party approached it in their ordinary clothes. He offers no satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. June being now arrived the two parties set out on their different journeys, Captain Franklin being accompanied by Lieutenant Back and the interpreter Augustus and fourteen men, in the Lion and Reliance, and Dr. Richardson by Mr. Kendall, the other interpreter, and ten men, in the Dolphin and Union. We shall make a few extracts from Captain Franklin's narrative, reserving Dr. Richardson's, which is at least as interesting, for our next number.

"On quitting the channel of the river, (Mackenzie,) we entered into the bay, which was about six miles wide, with an unbounded prospect to seaward, and steered towards the tents under easy sail, with the ensigns flying. The water became shallow as we drew towards the island, and the boats touched the ground when about a mile from the beach; we shouted, and made signs to the Esquimaux to come off, and then pulled a short way back to await their arrival in deeper water. Three canoes instantly put off from the shore, and before they could reach us others were launched in such quick succession, that the whole space between the island and the boats was covered by them. The Esquimaux canoes contain only one person, and are named *kaiyacks*; but they have a kind of open boat capable of holding six or eight people, which is named *oomiak*. The men alone use the *kaiyacks*, and the *oomiaks* are allotted to the women and children. We endeavoured to count their numbers as they approached, and had proceeded as far as seventy-three canoes and five *oomiaks* when the sea became so crowded by fresh arrivals, that we could advance no farther in our reckoning. The three headmost canoes were paddled by elderly men, who, most probably, had been selected to open the communication. They advanced towards us with much caution, halting when just within speaking distance, until they had been assured of our friendship, and repeatedly invited by Augustus to approach and receive the present which I offered to them. Augustus next explained to them in detail the purport of our visit, and told them that if we succeeded in finding a navigable channel for large ships, a trade highly beneficial to them would be opened. They were delighted with this intelligence, and repeated it to their countrymen, who testified their joy by tossing their hands aloft, and raising the most deafening shout of applause I ever heard."

These promising symptoms, however, did not last. By an unfortunate accident a *kaiyack* was overset by

one of the Lion's oars, and from that time the conduct of the people became most outrageous; the boats were beset by bodies of them pillaging without ceremony and mercy, and only abstaining from greater violence because they had no occasion, and because the sailors most cautiously abstained from any thing approaching provocation.

"In the whole of this unequal contest, the self-possession of our men was not more conspicuous than the coolness with which the Esquimaux received the heavy blows dealt to them with the butts of the muskets. But at length, irritated at being so often foiled in their attempts, several of them jumped on board and forcibly endeavoured to take the daggers and shot-belts that were about the men's persons; and I myself was engaged with three of them who were trying to disarm me. Lieutenant Back perceiving our situation, and fully appreciating my motives in not coming to extremities, had the kindness to send to my assistance the young chief who had protected him, and who, on his arrival, drove my antagonists out of the boat. I then saw that my crew were nearly overpowered in the fore part of the boat, and hastening to their aid, I fortunately arrived in time to prevent George Wilson from discharging the contents of his musket into the body of an Esquimaux. He had received a provocation of which I was ignorant until the next day, for the fellow had struck at him with a knife, and cut through his coat and waistcoat; and it was only after the affray was over that I learned that Gustavus Aird, the bowman of the Lion, and three of the Reliance's crew, had also narrowly escaped from being wounded, their clothes being cut by the blows made at them with knives. No sooner was the bow cleared of one set of marauders than another party commenced their operations at the stern. My gun was now the object of the struggle, which was beginning to assume a more serious complexion, when the whole of the Esquimaux suddenly fled, and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach. It appears that by the exertions of the crew, the Reliance was again afloat, and Lieutenant Back, wisely judging that this was the proper moment for more active interference, directed his men to level their muskets, which had produced that sudden panic. The Lion happily floated soon after, and both were retiring from the beach, when the Esquimaux having recovered from their consternation, put their *kaiyacks* in the water, and were preparing to follow us; but I desired Augustus to say that I would shoot the first man who came within range of our muskets, which prevented them.

"It was now about eight o'clock in the evening, and we had been engaged in this harassing contest for several hours, yet the only things of importance which they had carried off were the mess canteen and kettles, a tent, a bale containing blankets and shoes, one of the men's bags, and the jib-sails. The other articles they took could well be spared, and they would, in fact, have been distributed amongst them, had they remained quiet. The place to which the boats were dragged is designated by the name of Pillage Point. I cannot sufficiently praise the fortitude and obedience of both the boats' crews in abstaining from the use of their arms. In the first instance I had been influenced by the desire of preventing unnecessary bloodshed, and afterwards, when the critical situation of my party might have well warranted me in employing more decided means for their defence, I still endeavoured to temporize, being convinced that as long as the boats lay aground, and we were beset by such numbers, armed with long knives, bows, arrows, and spears, we could not use fire-arms to advantage. The howling of the women, and the clamour of the men, proved the high excitement to which they had wrought themselves; and I am still of opinion that, mingled as we were with them, the first blood we had shed would have been instantly revenged by the sacrifice of all our lives."

Chiefly through the instrumentality of the able and active interpreter Augustus, the natives were at length brought to reason, and even returned some of the stolen articles. New difficulties, however,

awaited our travellers, in the shape of the ordinary obstructions of ice, and the remainder of his voyage is filled with those melancholy accounts of wearying and hopeless delays to which the previous narrations of himself and the other arctic voyagers have familiarised us. The following description of Foggy Island is as murky and polar as could be wished by the most enthusiastic admirer of unknown latitudes.

"On the 10th, the continuance of the gale, and of the fog more opaque, if possible, than before, and more wet, were not only productive of irksome detention, but they prevented us from taking exercise; our walks being confined to a space between the marks which the Esquimaux had put up on two projecting points, whither we went at every glimpse of clearness, to examine into the state of the waves. We witnessed with regret, in these short rambles, the havoc which this dreary weather made amongst the flowers. Many that had been blooming on our arrival, were now lying prostrate and withered. These symptoms of decay could not fail painfully to remind us that the term of our operations was fast approaching; and often, at this time, did every one express a wish that we had some decked vessel, in which the provision could be secured from the injury of salt water, and the crew sheltered when they required rest, that we might quit this shallow coast, and steer at once towards Icy Cape. The annexed sketch taken by Lieutenant Back, conveys a better picture of our encampment, and of the murkiness of the atmosphere, than any description of mine could do, and points out the propriety of designating this dreary place by the name of Foggy Island. As an instance of the illusion occasioned by the fog, I may mention that our hunters sallied forth, on more than one occasion, to fire at what they supposed to be deer, on the bank about one hundred yards from the tents, which, to their surprise, took wing and proved to be cranes and geese.

"The wind changed from east to west in the course of the night, and at eight in the morning of the 11th, the fog dispersed sufficiently to allow of our seeing a point bearing N.W. by W., about three miles and a half distant, which we supposed to be an island. We, therefore, hastened to embark; but before the boats could be dragged so far from the shore that they would float, the fog returned. The wind, however, being light, we resolved to proceed, and steer by compass, to the land that had been seen. Soon after quitting the beach we met with shoals, which forced us to alter the course more to the north; and having made the distance at which we estimated the point to be, and being ignorant which way the coast trended beyond it, we rested for some time upon the oars, in the hope that the fog would clear away, even for a short time, to enable us to shape our course anew; but in vain; all our movements in the bay being impeded by the flats that surrounded us, we were compelled to return to Foggy Island. Scarcely had the men made a fire to dry their clothes, which were thoroughly wet from wading over the flats, than the fog again dispersing, we pushed off once more. On this occasion we arrived abreast of the point whilst the weather continued clear, but found a reef, over which the waves washed, stretching to the north-west, beyond the extent of our view. Just as we began to proceed along the reef, the recurrence of the fog rendered it necessary for us to seek for shelter on the shore; and as we were heartily tired of our late encampment, we endeavoured to find another, but the shoals prevented our reaching and landing-place. We, therefore, retraced our course, though with much reluctance, to Foggy Island, which the men declared to be an enchanted island. Though our wanderings this day did not exceed seven miles, the crews were employed upwards of two hours in dragging the boats through the mud, when the temperature of the water was at 40., and that of the air 41. They endured this fatigue with the greatest cheerfulness, though it was evident they suffered very much from the cold; and in the evening we witnessed the ill effects of this kind of labour by finding their legs



much swelled and inflamed. The fear of their becoming ill from a frequent repetition of such operations, made me resolve not to attempt the passage of these flats again till the weather should be so clear that we might ascertain their extent, and see in what way they might be passed with less risk. Fog is, of all others, the most hazardous state of the atmosphere for navigation in an icy sea, especially when it is accompanied by strong breezes, but particularly so for boats where the shore is unapproachable."

Chapter V. is an account of the very sensible reasons which induced Captain Franklin to return to his quarters. It was late in August, his instructions directed him to commence his return on the 19th or 20th, "if in consequence of slow progress or any unforeseen accident it should remain doubtful whether he could reach Kotzebue's inlet the same season." His sailors were many of them ill, fogs were multiplying, the ice was becoming more impenetrable. On the 16th of August the resolution was taken, and communicated to the crew, who seem to have considered it much greater heroism to submit to the decision which prevented them from undergoing further risks, than to embark in the expedition originally. Their discoveries terminated at Beechey Point, lat. 70. 24. N.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### CAPTAIN POPANILLA'S VOYAGE.

By the Author of *Vivian Grey*. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 252. London. Colburn. 1828.

FROM the cleverness which is displayed in many passages of Captain Popanilla's Voyage, we are quite convinced that the Author of *Vivian Grey*, by only divesting himself of three-fourths of his conceit and affectation, might become a very agreeable novelist. It is absurd to suppose that he will take any pains to rid himself of these qualities, for he is evidently as vain of his vanity, as of all his other endowments; but we wish we could convince him that nature has been sufficiently bountiful to him in this matter, and that there is really no occasion to counterfeit more conceit than he actually possesses. He has evidently fallen into the mistake of supposing that a continual exhibition of self-importance is an essential requisite to a humourist; or at least, to the professor of that species of humour in which he aspires to excel. No blunder can be more egregious. There may be priggish orators, priggish philosophers, priggish politicians, priggish rhymesters, but there cannot be a priggish wit; the very words involve a contradiction. The essence of the highest or creative kind of wit—the wit of Cervantes and Shakespeare is self-forgetfulness, self-abandonment;—the essence of the merely perceptive or Voltaire species of wit, is superiority; the reader must believe that the author has a right to sneer at all men and things around him, because he is greater than they; and this he never can believe while the author is a greater coxcomb, and consequently a more ridiculous person than any he is describing. This author's conceit, therefore, instead, as he idly fancies, of promoting his success, will be the greatest possible obstacle to his attaining any higher degrees of that talent which he is so ambitiously cultivating.

Yet in spite of the disadvantages under which the author labours from his natural infirmity, and from the foolish theory which has induced him to foster it, there are, as we have already said, marks of decided ability in his last work. If his vanity were a little less deep rooted than it is, we should perhaps have suppressed this confession, and with the hope of eventually benefiting him by putting him to a little temporary pain, have contented ourselves with exposing his absurdities. But as his disease is of the virulent description which no reviewer can hope to cure by any censures with which he may physic it, or need fear to aggravate even by the most extravagant doses of praise, we shall, on this occasion, leave the author entirely out of our consideration, and, keeping in view merely the entertainment of our readers, select the most lively and amusing passages

from his book. But first we must give some account of the very intelligible and edifying story.

Captain Popanilla is the inhabitant of an island somewhere in the Indian Ocean, called Fantaisie, which, at the time the story opens, has been thrown into great consternation by the appearance of a new and remarkable fish upon the waters; that fish turns out to be a ship, that ship is lost, so also is a lock of hair which once appertained to Popanilla's mistress, which he had stolen the very night the vessel appeared, and which had dropped in his first emotion of terror at the sight of the floating monster. Going out in search of the lock, Popanilla stumbles upon a chest which had been saved from the wreck, and which was filled with sets of the Useful Knowledge Tracts, accounts of the Hamiltonian System, and other books of the like interesting description. Having first applied himself to the Hamiltonian System, Popanilla is soon able to master the contents of the remaining volumes which had constituted this singular cargo; and he forthwith begins to devour them with prodigious avidity. In due time as was to be expected, he becomes a profound man of science, and political philosopher, and undertakes to remodel all the social institutions of Fantaisie. To forward this resolution he makes a long speech, in which he expounds at great length, and with great clearness, the principles of Utilitarianism. With great dexterity the author has contrived to make this speech as unlike what a gentleman of these opinions would have delivered as possible, putting into his hero's Utilitarian mouth, a *melange* of slang phrases, about half of which really belong to his sect, and the remaining half to the sect with which it is most particularly at enmity: hereby, Mr. D'Israeli no doubt intended at once to mortify the members of this party, much in the same way as the Protestant in *Candide* was mortified at finding himself by the side of a Jew at the *auto-da-fé*, and to indicate the great principle that a person who has only studied the doctrines of one sect will be always able to evolve the doctrines of its opposite, though he will occasionally not discover the opposition, and will mix them very unceremoniously together. But we fear this exquisite refinement will elude the observation of too many readers, and that they will be almost inclined to fancy that Mr. D'Israeli did not know that it is about as great a violation of costume to make an Utilitarian talk about "developing the principles of the character," and "perfecting our moral nature," as it would be to introduce a Covenanter preaching about the social compact, or a member of the Constituent Assembly invoking the word of the Lord and of Gideon. But to return. The speech produces the effect upon his Fantaisian majesty that might be anticipated. He is at first lost in wonder and contempt, but at length, discovering that the doctrines of Popanilla are sufficiently important to be pregnant with great danger to the church and state of Fantaisie, and moreover, being loudly entreated by his wives and his nobles to do justice upon the reformer, he sends him out in a discovery boat which has just been fitted out for the purpose of finding new islands, and of forming relations with the inhabitants. All this is preparatory. The next chapter brings Popanilla to Hubbabub, the capital of Vraibleusia; and the remainder of the book is occupied with descriptions of the reception he met with, and the sights he saw, in that well-known and wonderful city. As our readers are now at home, we need only select extracts illustrative of the Captain's impressions of Hubbabub and its inhabitants. We pass over an account of Popanilla's first landing, the subscription that was raised for him, as a victim of intolerance; his exchanging his gold for pink shells at a banker's, and other matters which are rather common-place, to come to the following account of THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANT, which is very lively and clever.

"Before they returned home, Skindeep led Popanilla to the top of a tower, from whence they had a complete view of the whole island. Skindeep particularly directed the captain's attention to one spot, where flourished, as he said, the only corn-fields in the country, which supplied the whole nation, and

were the property of one individual. So unrivalled was his agricultural science, that the vulgar only accounted for his admirable produce by a miraculous fecundity! The proprietor of these hundred golden acres, was a rather mysterious sort of personage. He was an aboriginal inhabitant, and though the only one of the aborigines in existence, had lived many centuries; and to the consternation of some of the Vraibleusians, and the exultation of others, exhibited no signs of decay. This awful being was without a name. When spoken of by his admirers, he was generally described by such panegyric periphrases as 'soul of the country,'—'foundation of the state,'—'the only real and true and substantial being,'—while on the other hand, those who presumed to differ from those sentiments, were in the habit of styling him 'the dead weight,'—'the vampire,'—'the night-mare,'—and other titles equally complimentary. They also maintained, that instead of being either real or substantial, he was, in fact, the most flimsy and fictitious personage in the whole island; and then, lashing themselves up into metaphor, they would call him a meteor, or a vapour, or a great windy bubble, that would some day burst.

"The Aboriginal insisted that it was the common law of the land, that the islanders should purchase their corn only of him. They grumbled, but he growled; he swore that it was the constitution of the country; that there was an uninterrupted line of precedents to confirm the claim; and that if they did not approve of the arrangement, they and their fathers should not have elected to have settled, or presumed to have been spawned upon his island. Then, as if he were not desirous of resting his claim on its mere legal merits, he would remind them of the superiority of his grain, and the impossibility of a scarcity, in the event of which calamity, an insular people could always find a plentiful, though temporary resource in sea-weed. He then clearly proved to them, that if ever they had the imprudence to change any of their old laws, they would necessarily never have more than one meal a-day as long as they lived. Finally, he recalled to their recollection, that he had made the island what it was, that he was their mainstay, and that his counsel and exertions had rendered them the wonder of the world. Thus, between force and fear and flattery, the Vraibleusians paid for their corn nearly its weight in gold; but what did that signify to a nation with so many pink shells!"

Mr. Barrow, and the unfortunate first North Pole article in the Quarterly Review, are rather broadly caricatured in the following passage:—

"The third day, after his drive with his friend Skindeep, Popanilla was waited upon by the most eminent bookseller in Hubbabub, who begged to have the honour of introducing to the public a Narrative of Captain Popanilla's Voyage. This gentleman assured Popanilla, that the Vraibleusian public was most nervously alive to any thing connected with discovery; that so ardent was their attachment to every thing relative to science or natural philosophy, that voyages and travels were sure to be read with great eagerness, particularly if they had coloured plates. Popanilla was charmed with the proposition, but blushing informed the mercantile Mecænas that he did not know how to write. The publisher told him that this circumstance was not of the slightest importance; that he had never for a moment supposed that so sublime a savage could possess such a vulgar accomplishment, and that it was by no means difficult for a man to publish his travels without writing a line of them.

"Popanilla having consented to become an author upon these terms, the publisher asked him to dine with him, and introduced him to a very intelligent individual. This very intelligent individual listened very attentively to all Popanilla's adventures. The captain concealed nothing. He began with the eternal lock of hair, and showed how wonderfully this world was constituted, that even the loss of a thing was not useless; from which it was clear, that Utility was Providence. After drinking a dozen bottles of wine, the intelligent individual told Popanilla that he was wrong in supposing Fantaisie to be an



island; that, on the contrary, it was a great continent—that this was proved by the probable action of the tides in the part of the island which had not yet been visited—that the consequence of these tides would be, that in the course of a season or two, Fantaisie would become a great receptacle for icebergs, and be turned into the North Pole—that, therefore, the seasons throughout the world would be changed—that this year in Vraibleusia, the usual winter would be omitted, and that when the present summer was finished, the dog-days would again commence. Popanilla took his leave, highly delighted with this intelligent individual, and with the bookseller's wine."

Popanilla being duly constituted ambassador from Fantaisie, we have the following diplomatic scene at the palace, which is written with a good deal of coarse spirit:—

"The Fantaisian ambassador having been presented, took his place on the right hand of the statue, next to the Aboriginal inhabitant, and public business then commenced.

"There came forward a messenger, who, knocking his nose three times with great reverence on the floor, a knock for each metal of the figure, thus spoke:—

"O thou wisest and best! thou richest and mightiest! thou glory and admiration! thou defence and consternation!—lo! the king of the north is cutting all his subjects' heads off!"

"This announcement produced a great sensation. The Marquis Moustache took snuff; the private secretary said that he had long suspected that this would be the case; and the Aboriginal inhabitant remarked to Popanilla, that the corn in the north was of an exceedingly coarse grain. While they were making these observations, the twelve managers had assembled in deep consultation around the statue, and in a very few minutes the oracle was prepared. The answer was very simple, but the exordium was very sublime. It professed that the Vraibleusian nation was the saviour and champion of the world—that it was the first principle of its policy to maintain the cause of any people struggling for their rights as men; and it avowed itself to be the grand patron of civil and religious liberty in all quarters of the globe. Forty-seven battalions of infantry, and eighteen regiments of cavalry, twenty-four sail of the line, seventy transports, and fifteen bomb-ketches, were then ordered to leave Fraibleusia for the north in less than sixty minutes!

"What energy!" said Pompanilla; "what decision! what rapidity of execution!"

"Ay!" said the Aboriginal, smacking his thigh, "let them say what they like about their proportions and mixtures and metals—abstract nonsense! No one can deny that our government works well. But see! here comes another messenger!"

"O thou wisest and best! thou richest and mightiest! thou glory and admiration! thou defence and consternation!—lo! the people of the south have cut their king's head off!"

"Well! I suppose that is exactly what you all want," said the innocent Popanilla.

"The private secretary looked mysterious, and said that he was not prepared to answer—that his department never having been connected with this species of business, he was unable at the moment to give his excellency the requisite information. At the same time, he begged to state, that provided any thing he said should not commit him, he had no objection to answer the question hypothetically. The Aboriginal inhabitant said that he would have no hypotheses or Jacobins; that he did not approve of cutting off kings' heads; and that the Vraibleusians were the most monarchical people in the world. So saying, he walked up, without any ceremony, to the chief manager, and taking him by the button, conversed with him some time in a very earnest manner, which made the stocks fall two per cent.

"The statue ordered three divisions of the grand army, and a battering-train of the first grade, off to the south, without the loss of a second. A palace and establishment were immediately directed to be prepared for the family of the murdered monarch;

and the commander-in-chief was instructed to make every exertion to bring home the body of his majesty embalmed. Such an immense issue of pink shells was occasioned by this last expedition that stocks not only recovered themselves, but rose considerably.

"The excitement occasioned by this last announcement, instantly evaporated at the sight of a third messenger. He informed the statue, that the emperor of the east was unfortunately unable to pay the interest upon his national debt; that his treasury was quite empty, and his resources utterly exhausted. He requested the assistance of the most wealthy, and the most generous of nations; and he offered them as security for their advances, his gold and silver mines; which, for the breadth of their veins, and the richness of their ores, he said, were unequalled. He added, that the only reason they were unworked, was the exquisite flavour of the water-melons in his empire; which was so delicious, that his subjects of all classes, passing their whole day in devouring them, could be induced neither by force nor persuasion to do any thing else. The cause was so reasonable, and the security so satisfactory, that the Vraibleusian government felt themselves authorised in shipping off immediately all the gold in the island. Pink shells abounded, and stocks were still higher."

In the attack upon Sir Edward Codrington and the late ministry, which follows, the author forgets his disguise altogether, and raves in simple English. As his dogmatism is not nearly so good as his caricatures, we will leave it, for the following scene in the national theatre:—

"On the evening of his presentation-day, his Excellency the Fantaisian ambassador and suite honoured the national theatre with their presence. Such a house was never known! The pit was miraculously overflowed before the doors were opened, although the proprietor did not permit a single private entrance: the enthusiasm was universal, and only twelve persons were killed. The private secretary told Popanilla, with an air of great complacency, that the Vraibleusian theatres were the largest in the world. Popanilla had little doubt of the truth of this information, as a long time elapsed before he could even discover the stage. He observed that every person in the theatre carried a long black glass, which he kept perpetually fixed to his eye. To sit in a huge room hotter than a glass-house, in a posture emulating the most sanctified Faquir, with a throbbing head-ache, a breaking back, and twisted legs, with a heavy tube held over one eye, and the other covered with the unemployed hand, is, in Vraibleusia, called a public amusement.

"The play was by the most famous dramatist that Vraibleusia ever produced; and certainly, when his excellency witnessed the first scenes, it was easier to imagine that he was once more in his own sunset Isle of Fantaisie, than in the rail-road state of Vraibleusia: but, unfortunately, this evening the principal characters and scenes were omitted, to make room for a moving panorama, which lasted some hours, of the chief and most recent Vraibleusian victories. The audience fought their battles o'er again with great fervour. During the play, one of the inferior actors was supposed to have saluted a female chorus-singer with an ardour which was more than theatrical, and every lady in the house immediately fainted; because, as the eternal secretary told Popanilla, the Vraibleusians are the most modest and most moral nation in the world. The male part of the audience insisted, in very indignant terms, that the offending performer should immediately be dismissed. In a few minutes he appeared upon the stage to make a most humble apology, for an offence which he was not conscious of having committed; but the most moral and the most modest of nations was implacable, and the wretch was expelled. Having a large family, dependent upon his exertions, the actor, according to a custom prevalent in Vraibleusia, went immediately and drowned himself in the nearest river. Then the ballet commenced.

"It was soon discovered that the chief dancer, a most celebrated foreigner, who had been announced for this evening, was absent. The uproar was tremendous,

and it was whispered that the house would be pulled down; because, as Popanilla was informed, the Vraibleusians are the most particular and the freest people in the world, and never will permit themselves to be treated with disrespect. The principal chandelier having been destroyed, the manager appeared, and regretted that Signor Zephyrino, being engaged to dine with a grandee of the first class, was unable to fulfil his engagement. The house became frantic, and the terrified manager sent immediately for the signor. The artist, after a proper time had elapsed, appeared with a napkin round his neck, and a silver fork in his hand, with which he stood some moments, until the uproar had subsided, picking his teeth. At length, when silence was obtained, he told them that he was surprised that the most polished and liberal nation in the world should behave themselves in such a brutal and narrow-minded manner. He threatened them, that he would throw up his engagement immediately, and announce to all foreign parts that they were a horde of barbarians; then abusing them for a few seconds in round terms, he retired amidst the cheerings of the whole house, to finish his wine."

The account of the commercial speculations, consequent upon the discovery of the new states of Fantaisie, like many of Mr. D'Israeli's sketches, is far less amusing than the original, and a file of the Times newspapers for the year 1825, would be worth five hundred Captain Popanillas to a genuine admirer of the ridiculous. The following is better. Popanilla has been thrown into consternation, by the news that a new island had been discovered, which would supplant Fantaisie in public esteem:—

"Although his excellency had existed in the highest state of astonishment during his whole mission to Vraibleusia, it must be confessed, now that he understood his companion's question of yesterday, he particularly stared. His wonder was not decreased in the evening, when the Government Gazette appeared. It contained an order for the immediate fortification of the new island by the most skilful engineers, without estimates. A strong garrison was instantly embarked. A governor and a deputy-governor, and storekeepers, more plentiful than stores, were to accompany them. The private secretary went out as president of the council. A bishop was promised; and a complete court of Judicature, Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were to be off the next week. It is only due to the characters of courtiers, who are so often reproached with ingratitude to their patrons, to record, that the private secretary, in the most delicate manner, placed at the disposal of his former employer, the Marquis Moustache, the important office of agent for the indemnification claims of the original inhabitants of the island. The post being a sinecure, the income being considerable, and local attendance being unnecessary, the noble lord, in a manner equally delicate, appointed himself.

"Upon what system," one day inquired that unwearied political student, the Fantaisian ambassador, of his old friend Skindeep, "does your government surround a small rock in the middle of the sea with fortifications, and cram it full of clerks, soldiers, lawyers, and priests?"

"Why, really, your excellency, I am the last man in the world to answer questions, but, I believe, we call it the COLONIAL SYSTEM!"

The Essay on Fruit is not original; but it is tolerably amusing notwithstanding. A discussion on the propriety of compelling the inhabitants of Vraibleusia to eat pine apples, and of having an established set of market gardeners,—will frighten some of Mr. D'Israeli's readers. But he turns the corners of all questions with the adroitness of an experienced author, who is determined to write nothing, even on the most delicate subjects, which might not encounter the eyes of an archbishop.



## THAMES WATER.

*Report of the Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to Inquire into the State of the Supply of Water in the Metropolis. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 21st of April, 1828.*

*An Investigation of the Properties of the Thames Water. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Robert Peel. By WILLIAM LAMBE, M.D. London, 1828\*.*

(Concluded from our last.)

HAVING in our last discussed, at some length, the "present state and future prospects" of the Thames water, we now proceed to consider the manner in which the Report of the Commissioners has been received; but before making any general observations on the subject, we shall offer a few remarks on the speech reported (Times, 20th May) to have been made upon it by Mr. Peel, on the last occasion that the subject was brought before the house, in answer to some questions put to him by Sir Francis Burdett; not that we consider the speech itself as worthy of a moment's attention, as we think we never before read such a tissue of contradictory arguments, illogical deductions, and puerile absurdities; a speech, too, obviously "crammed" in the most superficial manner, with a view to produce the *maximum* of parade with the *minimum* of information; but because we fear that whatever opinions the honourable gentleman may have taken up on the subject, they are likely to be more influential in determining it than those of all the host of witnesses examined on the question.

He is reported to have begun by stating "that he had read the *minutes of evidence* with considerable interest;" on this we shall make no remark, as we feel convinced that he never can have stated any such thing; he must have said, "the *report on the evidence*," which as it occupies only ten pages out of the 155, and as his speech contains a word or two on most of the paragraphs therein which begin with a large letter, we think it probable he may have cursorily glanced over. We next hear, "That with reference to the evidence, as respected the Grand Junction Water Company, against the quality of whose water *several insinuations had been thrown out* during the examination, he did not think that the water could be characterized as bad." Now if the honourable gentleman forms this opinion from the specimen of the company's water, with which he is no doubt daily served, at his house in Privy Gardens, we have nothing to say to it. He may, perhaps, have a predilection for water described by others, as "swarming with animalculæ," "like oatmeal and water," "resembling pea soup," &c. &c.

"He'll say it is his humour—we are answered,"

but as some unreasonable beings may no doubt be found who object to having this "farinaceous food for infants," this "spoonmeat for invalids" (however good in their place) substituted for the pure water which they pay for\*, we think that he ought, in courtesy, to have stated the grounds of his opinion. Let us now see what the *insinuations* are that have been thrown out. We will pass over the whole of the oral evidence, and confine ourselves to abstracting the substance of the *certificates* of twelve of the first medical men in London, as to the state of the Grand Junction Company's water, which are to be found in Mr. Wright's memoir, p. 137 of the App. to which we beg to refer Mr. Peel.

Dr. Paris.—"As a physician who has devoted much attention to the subject, I cannot find terms sufficiently expressive of the awful effects it may be likely to produce on the health and even the lives of the inhabitants of the metropolis."

Dr. William Lambe.—"It is loaded with noxious matter, and must be unwholesome."

\* And that pretty dearly too, vide (among many others) evidence of the proprietors of Hatchett's Hotel, (App. p. 47,) whose rate was suddenly and arbitrarily raised from £6. per annum to £25, which they were obliged to pay, though the water was described by them as so bad, that they were at last compelled to sink a well 300 feet deep, at an expense of more than £1000, in order to obtain relief.

Mr. Thomas.—"It presents a fluid loaded with impurities, which must be very prejudicial to health."

Dr. Hooper.—"That the daily use of such impure water has a tendency to produce, or is a cause of many diseases there cannot be any doubt."

Mr. Brodie.—"It is manifestly very impure, and must I conceive be unwholesome."

Mr. Keate.—"It is so filthy and impure as to be unfit for culinary purposes."

Sir Henry Halford.—"I am disgusted with the filthy fluid served at my house by the Grand Junction Company."

Dr. Turner.—"It is at no season of the year fit for culinary purposes."

Dr. Hume.—"It is loaded with mud and all sort of impurities, and unfit even for washing until filtered."

Dr. Macmichael.—"It is certainly very filthy."

Dr. Robert Bree.—"I have been convinced by experience of the impurity of their water."

Dr. James Johnson.—"I have always looked upon water used in London, and taken up in or near the metropolis, as most disgusting to the imagination and deleterious to health."

These, with the chemist's certificate of analysis, Mr. Abernethy's caustic remarks when applied to on the subject, and some dozen pages of verbal evidence, constitute the insinuations Mr. Peel talks about; these are what he considers as "ambiguous giving out of doubtful phrases."

Truly we wish that the honourable gentleman would at all times speak as much to the purpose.

We think that we have done enough to show Mr. Peel's profound ignorance of the subject he professes to talk about; we shall, therefore, leave this company with no farther notice than consists in merely pointing out the trifling discrepancy between the prospectuses issued by them at their first establishment, wherein they pledge themselves to supply their customers with "water of the purest and most wholesome quality, to be drawn from the rivers Colne and Brent, and from an immense reservoir of nearly 100 acres, fed by the streams of the vale of Ruislip," and the actual fact that they draw their whole supply "of this grand liquor that hath gilded them," from the river Thames, fed by the streams of the great Ranelagh common sewer, and that their dolphin is placed in a situation where, if Tantalus were affixed to it, no very great exertion of omnipotence would be necessary to prevent him from drinking.

The remainder of Mr. Peel's speech is so full of the most ridiculous inconsistencies that we shall relinquish the task of commenting upon it piecemeal, as what could we say to a gentleman who tells us in one breath, that "it is impossible not to be convinced of the *great impurity* of the Thames water," and that the "evidence is against the presumption of its alleged insalubrity."

The honourable gentleman, as we mentioned above, has not read the evidence, or he could not have made such an assertion as this; but as we suppose that he is possessed of some degree of common sense, we should be glad to know what he means; he cannot surely mean to assert that water, which he allows to be very impure, can be otherwise than very unwholesome.

In a subsequent part of his speech, he admits the astounding fact that the fish in the river have been almost entirely exterminated by the impurity of the water, and then coolly tells us that the objections to the use of it "are rather those of feeling than of just or serious alarm." We do not envy the "feelings" that could prompt the honourable gentleman to make such a speech, and if we thought that he would listen to our entreaties, we should call upon him, in the name of justice and humanity, to examine a little into the merits of the question before he thus trifles with the lives of half a million of his fellow creatures, but as we fear that we should find it impossible to induce him to gain the necessary information at the expense of reading through 145 pages of closely-printed evidence, we shall endeavour, (like a physician who has a stubborn child for a patient,)

to present our advice in the shape which we judge will be most acceptable to his palate.

He will find, then, upon reference to a book, (with which we doubt not he is acquainted,) entitled *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or *The Thousand and One Nights*, (Mathews and Leigh's edition, vol. 1, p. 72,) the story of a certain Greek king and his vizier, who upon finding that the fish in a neighbouring pond appeared to be uneasy in their minds, instantly applied themselves, in the most disinterested manner, (for it does not appear that they were in the habit of drinking the water of the pond,) to find out the cause of their disquietude, and, if possible, to apply a remedy to it. We find this beneficent monarch speaking as follows, in a tone of almost parental anxiety. "After what I have seen, said the sultan to his vizier, it will not be possible for me to be easy in my mind. These fish, without doubt, signify something extraordinary, of which I wish to be satisfied." He then sent for the fisherman, and when he appeared, "Fisherman," said he to him, "the fishes you brought us have made me very uneasy; where did you catch them?" &c. &c.

How different, was the conduct of that vizier from that of ours, and how unfavourable to the latter would be any comparison we might institute! With the same means of information, (for we are sure that if our vizier were to ask a Thames fish the question, "Fish, fish, art thou in thine element?" he would have great difficulty in finding a gudgeon so wedded to abuse as to say "that he was content,") how diametrically opposite are the conclusions come to by these two worthies! The oriental semi-barbarian considering it as a matter of the utmost importance, while our enlightened and polished minister seems to care little who is poisoned, provided he have no trouble about it. So much for Mr. Peel; as for the House of Commons, Sir Francis Burdett appears to us to be the only member of it who has interested himself to any real purpose about the question. We shall now turn to the public and see what is their opinion of the matter.

The apathy with which the commissioners' proceedings have been viewed by all classes of men, is quite astonishing. Well might they say, in the language of Scripture, "Who hath believed our report?" People seem to be quite careless as to what the liquid may consist of which they put into their own and their children's mouths. Formerly, so studious were they to preserve the River Thames in a pure state, that in the reign of Henry the Eighth, anno dom. 1535, an act was passed, in which it was enacted, "That if any person or persons do or procure any thing to be done, to the annoying of the stream of the River Thames, by casting of dung, or rubbish, or other things, in the said river, he shall forfeit, for so offending, one hundred shilling;" but in the present days of refinement, we have got rid of all these absurd prejudices, and see no reason why the river should be used only for the gratification of one sense, or why we should confine its functions to the removal of impurities, instead of making it likewise a receptacle for them.

We venture to predict, however, in the language of the *Medico Chirurgical Review*, that the time will come, and that shortly, "when the people of London will open their eyes to this scene of corruption, veiled and concealed as it is, by iron tubes and stone pavements;" and happy should we be, if we could think that what we have said on the subject, might have, in any degree opened the eyes of the public to this crying and shameful abuse.

We cannot, however, close our observations, on what many of our readers may perhaps consider a *dry* subject, without expressing our cordial agreement in the sentiments of vexation and disappointment, which the commissioners evidently laboured under, on finding that their inquiry was not to extend to the pointing out of any remedy for the evils which they reported on. "No," says the right hon. secretary,—

We shall drink nought but brine, for he'll not show us Where the quick freshes are.

A most sage mooncalf—a puppy-headed monster!

Neither were they to allude to the infamous mono-



poly whereby the inhabitants of the metropolis are banded about like so many flocks of sheep, from one water company to another, as may happen to suit their private arrangements; that question having been inquired into some years back, and nothing having been done in it.

Now, with great deference to the honourable gentleman, we should be glad to know what use the appointment of the commission could be of to the public, if, after having examined into the evils complained of, they were to be prevented from suggesting a remedy—"Who is so fit to salve the wound as the leech that hath treated it." Surely it cannot be the expense that stands in the way. While millions are squandered on useless edifices, built but to be pulled down again, that would, indeed, be a paltry policy, which should grudge a few hundred pounds, where the health of a metropolis is concerned.

#### ROGERS'S ITALY.

*Italy: a Poem.* By SAMUEL ROGERS. Part the Second. London, 1828. John Murray.

SAMUEL ROGERS is now, we suppose, nearly the Nestor of English poetry; and, like the ancient Pylian, though highly respectable and estimable, is now and then a little prosy. We might take the publication of the *Pleasures of Memory* as an era from which to date our contemporary literature. Mr. Rogers has lived through an age of great writers. His star arose when scarcely more than "one was shining in the sky." Then came a period of signs and wonders; of suns and halos and comets and mighty luminaries. This, again, has passed away. The full moon and lunar rainbows of Lalla Rook return no more; the lurid flames of Byron are extinguished in the coffin; the glittering and shooting aurora borealis of Scott's minstrelsy has departed; Coleridge, himself a firmament, is hidden from our eyes; and the meditative, calm, and sunset glory of Wordsworth's poetry is lost, we fear, for ever, in twilight; yet Mr. Rogers's little planet twinkles on for ever; and the star which first came forth, still gleams, though almost alone, in heaven.

The work before us, however, does little more than prove that he still lives and writes, and delights in the beauty of the world, and in all gentle human affection. It adds nothing to our conception of the power of his intellect or of his imagination. It is simply agreeable summer-house reading,—a proper concomitant for syllabubs and strawberry ice, fit to lie beside a melodious lute, and be turned over by fairy fingers, when the hand is weary of touching the instrument, and the heart is for the moment too careless and playful to betake itself to stronger excitements. If its pages are sometimes trifling and sometimes a little affected, yet are they often most pleasantly childlike, often animated and even spirited, almost always picturesque and good-natured. It shows more negligence than any other of its author's productions. It is equally deficient with them in intense and sustained interest, in profound meditation, in vigorous and rapid narrative, in living and pregnant images, and in that prodigality of vivid and significant phrase, which belongs indeed to scarce any but the tallest spirits of poetry.

There is nothing great in mind without strong feeling of some kind or other. Now we do not see what kind can be attributed to this writer. Amiable and benevolent he obviously is, with an eye for the picturesque, a reason which habitually comes to the support of morality, and a sympathy for whatever is kindly and generous. These are enough to make a good and an accomplished man. But something more is necessary for a great poet; and we can discover no trace in his writings of that lowly yet aspiring affection for truth, making him bow to it like a servant, while he pays court to it like a lover; or of that earnest reverence for human nature, arising from a glowing consciousness of the powers and faculties within himself, which are absolutely indispensable in the soul of a man who hopes to become a creator of any thing that shall be at once beautiful and permanent. We deny not that there is a sweetness in the daily benevolence, the

fireside affections, and the delicate feeling of outward beauty, which are so conspicuous in the works of Mr. Rogers; but a poet is one in whom the heart of the lark is borne upwards by the wings of the eagle: the former alone is found in the *Pleasures of Memory* and in *Italy*; the mighty pinions belong to those who

"Scorn the wind, and dally in the sun."

This is a very small volume; and it is curious that the author should have named it in the title-page as "*Italy, a Poem*," while he has filled out its pages with several prose compositions; besides reprinting, without any notice of its previous appearance, a poem on *Pæstum*, which was published, years ago, at the end of *Human Life*. Besides this wholesale plagiarism from himself, Mr. Rogers's lines are full of phrases and phrasites, taken, as Gray took his, though not always so ingeniously, from various (as the advertisement says) "old-established and well-accustomed" authors. Such as this, at p. 50, in a poem on the Roman Pontiffs, where he says of the Roman Catholic Church what Hume has long since said of priests in general:—

"What in his day the Syracusan sought,  
Another world to plant his engines on,  
They had, and having it, like gods not men,  
Moved this world at their pleasure."

At page 87, he makes a brigand say to his prisoner:—

"I may strike thee dead;  
And know, young man, it is an easier thing  
To do it than to say it."

Which is certainly an exceedingly amusing mode of exhibiting the connection between the modern Italian feeling and the anecdotes of ancient Roman history.

Again, at p. 100, in speaking of *Baïæ*:—

"Here (what would they not?)  
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,  
Built in the sea;"

Herein he puts himself under an obligation to Horace, which he seems to think is a mere private transaction between friends, wherewith the public has no business to interfere. Now that we are talking of these matters of detail, we may observe, that in the beginning of the book (p. 8, 9) there is a sentence which is a manifest breaking of Priscian's head, and which probably would have induced the old grammarian to afflict the other extremity of any of his pupils who should have perpetrated it.

"The sun was wheeling westward, and the cliffs  
And nodding woods, that everlastingly,  
(Such the dominion of thy mighty voice,  
Thy voice, Velino, uttered in the mist,)  
Hear thee, and answer thee," &c.

We should like to know to what the "thee" in the last line can refer, except the Velino mentioned in the parenthesis, and thereby marked to be unnecessary to the grammatical construction of the rest of the sentence. Nevertheless the poem in which this occurs, the second in the volume, and termed, the *Interview*, is one of the best in the collection,—bright, picturesque, and graceful. The next, on *Rome*, is a miserably fragmentary work on such a subject; it should either have been a stanza or an epic. But Mr. Rogers has neither the conciseness nor the lofty and impassioned declamation necessary for his theme. We will quote the greater part of following poem, called *A Funeral*, in which there is certainly considerable beauty:—

"Whence this delay?"—"Along the crowded street  
A Funeral comes, and with unusual pomp,  
So I withdrew a little and stood still,  
While it went by. 'She died as she deserved,'  
Said an abate, gathering up his cloak,  
And with a shrug, retreating as the tide  
Flowed more and more.—'But she was beautiful!'  
Replied a soldier of the pontiff's guard.  
'And innocent as beautiful!' exclaimed  
A matron sitting in her stall, hung round  
With garlands, holy pictures, and what not?  
Her Alban grapes and Tusculan figs displayed  
In rich profusion. From her heart she spoke;  
And I accosted her to hear her story.

'The stab,' she cried, 'was given in jealousy;  
But never fled a purer spirit to Heaven,  
As thou wilt say, or much my mind misleads,  
When thou hast seen her face. Last night at dusk,  
When on her way from vespers—None were near,  
None, save her serving-boy, who knelt and wept,  
But what could tears avail him, when she fell—  
Last night at dusk, the clock then striking nine,  
Just by the fountain—that before the church,  
The church she always used, St. Isidore's—  
Alas, I knew her from her earliest youth,  
That excellent lady. Ever would she say,  
Good even, as she passed, and with a voice  
Gentle as theirs in heaven!—But now by fits  
A dull and dismal noise assailed the ear,  
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;  
And now a strange fantastic troop appeared!  
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;  
All of a ghostly white! 'Oh say,' I cried,  
'Do not the living here bury the dead?  
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these,  
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;  
Each with a burning taper in his hand?'—  
'It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.  
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,  
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man;  
The living masked, the dead alone uncovered.  
But mark!—And, lying on her funeral couch,  
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands  
Folded together on her modest breast,  
As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd  
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,  
As for a birth-day fess! But breathes she not?  
A glow is on her cheek—and her lips move!  
And now a smile is there—how heavenly sweet!  
'Oh no!' replied the dame, wiping her tears,  
But with an accent less of grief than anger,  
'No, she will never, never wake again!'

Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks,  
As we did yesterday and shall to-morrow,  
Soon grows familiar—like most other things,  
Seen, not observed; but in a foreign clime,  
Changing his shape to something new and strange,  
(And through the world he changes as in sport,  
Affect he greatness or humility)  
Knocks at the heart. His form and fashion here  
To me, I do confess, reflect a gloom,  
A sadness round; yet one I would not lose;  
Being in unison with all things else  
In this, this land of shadows, where we live  
More in past time than present, where the ground,  
League beyond league, like one great cemetery,  
Is covered o'er with mouldering monuments;  
And, let the living wander where they will,  
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead."

The Campagna of Rome is pretty enough: but the next from which we shall make any extracts, is entitled the *Nun*, and occurs at p. 53:—

"When on her knees she fell,  
Entering the solemn place of consecration,  
And from the latticed gallery came a chant  
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,  
Verse after verse sung out how holly,  
The strain returning, and still, still returning,  
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,  
And she was casting off her earthly dress;  
Yet was it sad as sweet, and, ere it closed,  
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,  
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,  
That she might fling them from her, saying, 'Thus,  
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!'—  
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments  
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,  
That she might say, flinging them from her, 'Thus,  
Thus I renounce the world' when all was changed,  
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,  
Veiled in her veil, crowned with her silver crown,  
Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,  
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees  
Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,  
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth  
('Twas in her utmost need; nor, while she lives,  
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)  
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love  
And pity!

Like a dream the whole is fled;  
And they, that came in idleness to gaze  
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice,  
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell  
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,



None were so formed to love and to be loved,  
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now  
A curtain, blacker than the night is dropped  
For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep  
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,  
To wither like the blossom in the bud,  
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there  
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,  
A languor and a lethargy of soul,  
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death  
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,  
What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?  
As nothing!

But thou canst not yet reflect  
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,  
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,  
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,  
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,  
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,  
To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn  
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed  
Hover, uncalled. Thy young and innocent heart,  
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?  
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?  
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.  
Peace to thy slumbers!"

We find at p. 79 the following very spirited sketch  
of a brigand; and bless our horoscope and Sir Ri-  
chard Birnie, that such gentlemen do not abound in  
Piccadilly:—

"Mark we now  
Him, where he lies, who couches for his prey  
At the bridge-foot in some dark cavity  
Scooped by the waters, or some gaping tomb,  
Nameless and tenantless, whence the red fox  
Slunk as he entered. There he broods, in spleen  
Gnawing his beard; his rough and sinewy frame  
O'erwritten with the story of his life:  
On his wan cheek a sabre-cut, well-earned  
In foreign warfare; on his breast the brand  
Indelible, burnt in when to the port  
He clanked his chain, among a hundred more  
Dragged ignominiously; on every limb  
Memorials of his glory and his shame,  
Stripes of the lash and honourable scars,  
And channels here and there worn to the bone  
By galling fetters.

He comes slowly forth,  
Unkennelling, and up that savage dell  
Anxiously looks; his cruise, an ample gourd,  
(Duly replenished from the vintner's cask)  
Slung from his shoulder; in his breadth of belt  
Two pistols and a dagger yet uncleansed,  
A parchment scrawled with uncouth characters,  
And a small vial, his last remedy,  
His cure, when all things fail. No noise is heard,  
Save when the rugged bear and the gaunt wolf  
Howl in the upper region, or a fish  
Leaps in the gulf beneath—But now he kneels  
And (like a scout, when listening to the tramp  
Of horse or foot) lays his experienced ear  
Close to the ground, then rises and explores,  
Then kneels again, and his short rifle-gun  
Against his cheek, waits patiently."

We have space for nothing more, except to say  
that the scraps of prose are in general very trivial:  
with the exception of the little story of the Bag of  
Gold, (which we may perhaps hereafter extract:)  
and to quote a few lines from one of the latter poems  
of the volume, entitled the Feluca:—

"Day glimmered; and beyond the precipice,  
(Which my mule followed as in love with fear,  
Or as in scorn, yet more and more inclining  
To tempt the danger where it menaced most)  
A sea of vapour rolled. Methought we went  
Along the utmost edge of this, our world;  
But soon the surges fled, and we desisted  
Nor dimly, though the lark was silent yet,  
Thy gulf, La Spezzia. Ere the morning-gun,  
Ere the first day-streak we alighted there;  
And not a breath, a murmur! Every sail  
Slept in the offing. Yet along the shore  
Great was the stir; as at the noontide hour,  
None unemployed. Where from its native rock  
A streamlet, clear and full, ran to the sea,  
The maidens knelt and sung as they were wont,  
Washing their garments. Where it met the tide,  
Sparkling and lost, an ancient pinnacle lay  
Keel-upward, and the faggot blazed, the tar

Fumed from the cauldron; while, beyond the fort,  
Whither I wandered, step by step led on,  
The fishers dragged their net, the fish within  
At every heave fluttering and full of life,  
At every heave striking their silver fins  
'Gainst the dark meshes."

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDEN, REGENT'S PARK.

WE were favoured this week with a ticket of admis-  
sion to the society's garden, and we think we never  
spent a couple of hours more agreeably than in the  
visit we made there. As it is not open to the public  
—no one being admitted but the subscribers and those  
who, like ourselves, have had the good fortune to  
obtain a ticket from a director—we think that a  
description of it may not be unacceptable to our  
readers:—

The garden is of considerable extent, and is arti-  
ficially undulated in some parts in a very judicious  
manner. It would be scarcely fair to pronounce a  
decided opinion, while it is in its present very un-  
finished state, of the effect that will ultimately be  
produced, though we have no doubt that as the trees  
and shrubs grow up, and as it assumes more the ap-  
pearance of a garden, and less that of a menagerie,  
the general aspect of the place will be greatly im-  
proved. The directors appear to be of the same  
opinion, as they have endeavoured, by dispersing  
the animals they exhibit,

"In hurdled cotes amid the fields secure,"  
over the face of the whole garden, to divest it as  
much as possible of the Exeter 'Change associations  
which every one who sees a collection of wild beasts  
(especially if there be monkeys) naturally feels rising  
in his mind. The collection, though not by any  
means complete, is good, comprising, (as Mr. Geo.  
Robins would say,) besides many of our old ac-  
quaintances,

"all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange."  
Among the company, (as the Morning Post hath it,)  
we noticed—

Two of the lamas of Peru, of which the white one  
is a superb specimen, the other is brown and greatly  
inferior; they are both very tame, and seemed  
greatly inclined to be on good terms with their  
visitors.

Four kangaroos, two of whom were carrying  
their young about in the pouch with which na-  
ture furnishes them for the purpose; the little  
wretches peered out at us from their cabriolet kind  
of conveyances with a most provoking air of fashion-  
able indifference, but would not gratify us with any  
further sight of them.

Two leopards, of which the larger is a very beau-  
tiful specimen.

One white Walachian ram, (Aries var. Wala-  
chiensis,) and two brown sheep from Mount Par-  
nassus; the ram is very handsome.

Three dogs from Mackenzie River, whose urbanity  
of manners and politeness to strangers might serve  
as an example to their town brethren.

Last, not least, our two friends, the Arctic bears,  
the younger of whom is the most amusing animal  
we ever beheld. From one of the undulations men-  
tioned above, we are enabled to look down into a  
little court about twenty feet square, to which they  
have access from the side of their den, and in the  
middle of which is erected a kind of gymnastic pole  
with notched steps at each side. We were much  
amused with the agility and even grace with which  
our young friend ran up the pole, and after balanc-  
ing himself with his breast resting on the top and  
turning round like a weathercock once or twice to  
take a survey of external affairs returned to his oc-  
cupation in the yard, which consisted in teasing the  
elder bear who seemed not at all to relish the im-  
pertinent familiarities of the rising generation. He  
had, moreover, a most engaging way of standing  
upon his hind legs and walking slowly backwards,  
surveying his visitors all the time with an archness  
of look which we certainly did not expect in a bear;  
indeed so well were we satisfied from the *bon hommie*

of his appearance, of the goodness of his intentions,  
that but for the presence of his senior, we might  
have been tempted to endeavour to make a closer  
acquaintance with him.

"These are the chief—to number o'er the rest,  
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,  
Were tedious."

There is, however, a considerable number of the  
inferior animals usually to be met with in such  
places—some large, some small; some thick, some  
thin, with long tails, short tails, and no tails at all,  
lazy and lively, roaring and ruminating, sleepy and  
sulky, which, with a beautiful South American ocel-  
lot (*felis pardalis*) and a variety of squirrels and  
coati-mundis, racoons and rabbits, elongated pole-  
cats and exotic pigs, monkeys and marmosets,

"And chattering apes,  
With foreheads villainous low,"

"Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum  
est," constitute the collection of beasts, there being  
no lion, tiger, hyena, elephant, rhinoceros, or indeed  
any of the larger kind of wild animals, with the ex-  
ception of those we have noticed.

The collection of birds is much larger, and con-  
tains some very beautiful specimens. There are two  
or three grass-plots railed off, in each of which is a  
pond with a small fountain in the middle of it.  
Round the banks and in the pools may be seen wa-  
ter-fowl of every description, living together in the  
utmost harmony. Solan geese and China geese,  
black swans and white ducks, besides a vast variety  
of small fowl of the duck species, and four or five  
tortoises, all seem to consider themselves as members  
of one large family, and to entertain a most brotherly  
kindness for one another.

We gazed upon the scene until "much wonder-  
ing where and what we were, whence thither brought  
and how," we were recalled from our musing by the  
hoarse voice of a huge cockatoo behind us, who did  
not appear to understand why we paid so much at-  
tention to his brethren of the navy, while he, in his  
splendid uniform, remained unnoticed. We ac-  
knowledge our error, and will redeem it, as far as  
lies in our power, by paying him the compliment,  
at least of assuring him that he affords in his sky-  
blue coat and yellow waistcoat, an excellent carica-  
ture of a footman in a gaudy livery. His two white  
companions are both handsome, though not to be  
compared to him, at least that seems to be his idea  
of the matter. In the adjoining cage to his cocka-  
tooship, there are three curasows (*Crax Alector*), of  
which one is strikingly beautiful; next them are  
three crested cranes (*Anthropoides Bolearica*), they  
are of a kind of slate colour, and are also very hand-  
some. In an adjoining cage are four Indian spoon-  
bills; near to them are three small brown birds of  
the crane species, and next them are three birds  
which we should take to be an octavo edition of the  
Indian Adjutant, though we could not learn their  
name. One of them is of a glossy greenish black,  
and the other two are white with black wings; on  
the whole they are rather striking. We next saw  
two emens (*Dromiceus nova Hollandia*) from New  
Holland. They are large awkward birds, greatly  
resembling the ostrich, and not at all attractive.

We then adjourned to the company's collection  
of birds of prey which is certainly very splendid,  
containing, we believe, more than two dozen speci-  
mens, from the large griffon vulture (*Vultur fulvus*  
of Linnaeus) and the white-headed North American  
eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*) to the small brown  
falcon and the Norwegian eagle owl (*Strix bubo*),  
this last is a bird of great beauty, with very bright  
colours, marked in some degree like the woodcock.  
Of the remainder, we noticed a blue falcon as look-  
ing as well as a bird of the kind ever does in a cage;  
but we think that it is a melancholy sight at all times  
to see such birds imprisoned. These, with some  
pheasants of several different kinds, and a covey of  
red-legged partridges, are all the birds which we no-  
ticed as worth our attention.

Having now given the society the praise which  
we think they are entitled to, we shall proceed to



point out two faults which they are, in our opinion, guilty of, and which they would do well to amend.

The first is, that they carry their plan of sticking up the name of each animal over its cage only half into execution, as a great many of the animals, and a still greater number of the birds, are without them; now if they consider it necessary to inform their visitors of the names of such animals as the leopard or the kangaroo, surely it is much more so in the case of the racoon or the spoonbill.

The next fault which we have to complain of is, that they take money at the gate. If they admitted the public at so much a head, no one could complain of this, and most people would be very glad to gain admission into the gardens on such terms; but as they do not admit the public; as they profess to be a private company, only admitting the subscribers and such of their friends as they may choose to give orders to, we think that the plan of taking shillings at the gate is a pitiful mode of raising money, and one which we did not expect to see resorted to by the proprietors of so spirited an institution.

#### ON THE SPIRIT OF CRITICISM.

AFTER all that has been said about the decline of the imaginative faculty in nations and individuals as they advance in knowledge and civilisation, we apprehend that there are several points connected with this question which have never been satisfactorily cleared up. The writer who noticed this subject in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*\*, can scarcely be said to have contributed much to its elucidation, for he merely repeated the old doctrine with some novelty of phrase, and, moreover, contrived considerably to embarrass the notions of his readers, by confounding, in every passage of his article, the imagination with the feelings, and, what is still more extraordinary, both of them with the senses. A great decline of the sensual pleasure which used to be felt in mere spectacle, not only does not prove that the faculty of imagination has diminished, but would be perfectly compatible with a great increase of it. If that diminution has taken place, we must look elsewhere for the proof, and if it should be proved, we shall rather have need to account for two such apparently opposite effects occurring contemporaneously, than have a right to assume one to be the cause of the other.

The truth seems to be this: an individual, in what may be called the first condition of feeling, (corresponding with that which the *Edinburgh Review* supposes to be indicated by Fielding, in his celebrated description of Partridge's first visit to Drury Lane,) is affected by sensual exhibitions, exactly in proportion as he supposed them to resemble circumstances which directly concern himself. This impression will, consequently, be strong, because from the imperfect cultivation of his understanding, he is unable to perceive the points of dissimilarity between the realities which he has felt and the pictures which he beholds. Take the same man at a more advanced stage of his intellectual progress, and you will undoubtedly find him a less admiring spectator. But why? Not because he differs with his former self about the reality of the representation; that may have never imposed upon him, or if it did formerly, it may do so still; but because he is now conscious of a thousand differences and contrasts between the circumstances in his own life and the corresponding circumstances in the picture of which he was not before aware, and which would make the identification of himself with the picture now, a much greater effect of imagination than it had been formerly. Here, then, are three attributes,—the imagination, neither strengthened nor enfeebled; the feeling, also still the same, because still referring every thing to the standard of self; and the understanding, which is not the same, but has become much clearer and more accurate. This is the stage in which the mind becomes entirely critical—the stage in which Partridge discovers that Hamlet and Partridge are totally different persons, and, consequently, while he

acquires respect, loses his affection for Hamlet. It is undoubtedly a condition of feeling most unfavourable to the admiration of works of art, in any department; and so far as it pervades a nation, it is unfavourable to the production of works of art, and were it the last which the human mind is destined to reach, we might hesitate in answering the question, whether it had gained much by its progress from its earlier sympathies. But there is a sublimer condition of mind which individuals have attained, and which is within the reach of nations, as well as individuals. He who has attained it contemplates works of art, neither with the interest which arises from fancying that they are connected with himself—nor with the indifference, which is the result of his discovering that they have nothing to do with him, but with that sincere and intelligent affection which proceeds from his identifying himself with them—studying their characteristics, meditating upon the laws which regulated their creation, and endeavouring to share in the feelings of the artists who produced them.

Now this is a very cheering way of looking at the question; for, in the first place, if this be the true view of the case, what becomes of the opinion of those who would represent the imagination and the intellect as necessary and eternal enemies, always compassing each other's downfall and destruction? In that consummate state of mind to which we have alluded, will the imagination be reduced to inaction or imbecility? Will it not rather, loosened from the only fetters which could check or encumber its free agency, and no longer bound to revolve in a system of which the centre is self, wander round the whole of creation, penetrate into the abysses of nature, mingle with the spirit of the universe, and approach the very steps of the throne of God. And shall the understanding in the meanwhile be slumbering? No; it, too, has its appropriate functions, and that it may fulfil them, it cannot be educated too carefully or too completely. It must decypher those hieroglyphics in the world around us, which a higher power within it will interpret; it must investigate the subordination of species to genera; of facts to principles, of cases to laws; it must detect differences and contrasts, not as before, that the imagination may be deprived of its lawful sustenance, but that it may have a more delicate knowledge of the properties of all things by which it is nourished, and a finer relish for each, according to its quality and worth. But a still more delightful prospect opens upon us, when we remember to what it is that we owe it, that these two powers are brought into harmony. For while contemplating this subject, we have a glimpse into that vista, which connects together the intellectual and the moral part of our natures. While the intellect and the imagination were both the slaves of self, there could be no peace between them; for no sooner did the one fasten upon some object, which seemed to have a relation to its master's service, than the other pointed out how slight was the connection. But the moment they are emancipated from this servitude, the moment that by cultivating the benevolent principle in his heart, a man has found other employments for his faculties than the study of subjects connected with his personality, that moment these faculties come into harmonious operation, and contribute jointly to his improvement and happiness. From that moment his mind commences a progression in wisdom, as well as in virtue, he becomes learned in mysteries, which only the spirit of self-seeking had hidden from him, he takes of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, for the flaming swords which guard it from those who long after it through selfish curiosity offer no obstruction to them who would eat, not that they may become as gods, but that they may have feelings of deeper reverence and more fervent love.

Those who may think such speculations too lofty for the occasion and title of this paper, would do well to remember that the subjects upon which the faculties may be exercised are infinitely various, but that the spirit in which we ought to exercise them is uniform; that if we would watch an ant-hill to any purpose, we must cultivate that same habit of mind which would enable us to study aright the sublimest

page of inspiration, or the most secret laws of the universe; that the very best method of trying the correctness of our feelings, when we employ them on any of what are apparently less important objects, is to see whether those same feelings will avail for the study of those which are of admitted moment, and that nowhere may such a test be better applied than to the present subject, seeing that we have lost half our understanding and all our admiration of works of art, by the long habit of regarding them as objects merely to be comprehended by the eye, and criticised by the understanding, instead of objects upon which every faculty of the soul may be employed, to find out their meaning, and to trace the affinities between the principles which govern them, and those which govern the soul itself. And just as any production of art is able to bear the application of this intensely magnifying microscope, which is not content, like the ordinary critical microscope, to find out faults on their surface, but looks into its inward composition and original elements; just so far will it be admired by men when their faculties are enlarged and their characters perfected.

It is to this high state of feeling which unites the most complete development of the imagination with the highest capacities of the understanding, that every true POET undoubtedly wishes to conduct his readers. Even when the spirit of the critical age most disables men from feeling and relishing his compositions, he never wishes them for a moment to go back to that period when he was admired chiefly because he was only partially understood; and loved, because his reader attached a disproportionate importance to his own selfish pursuits and circumstances. He wishes, indeed, that men should pass beyond the frozen circle of mere critical perceptions, but it is that they may come forth into that clear and serene atmosphere through which they will be able to contemplate every object with a finer and more accurate vision than they ever possessed in that chilly region; and yet with a heart more intensely alive to its beauty than before they were able to discern a single speck or shadow on its surface.

Not less must every great PAINTER long for the period when his works shall no more be tried by artificial rules, invented by ingenious men who had studied the artifices, not the art, of painting, or generalized from the practice which men of genius had adopted to suit particular times and circumstances; when men shall not fancy they can comprehend a picture by merely gazing at it, but shall labour to realize in their own minds the idea which it was intended to embody; to discover how full and distinct the painter's own consciousness of that idea was at every different stage of his work; to trace how often the defects in the composition are owing to his want of a clear view of it, and how often merely to his incapacity, from imperfect training, or from being overmastered by his genius or from not having sufficiently conversed with what is actual; to express it in lines and colours; then having embraced the whole design to observe the subordination, arrangement, and coherency of the parts; in fine, by mingling as much as possible in the feelings and sympathies of its author, to follow its progress from the first glimmering perception of some latent beauty which led him to the selection of his subject, to the completion and consummation of the work they are studying.

And if the poet and the painter, surely also the MUSICAL NOTARY must devoutly welcome the approach of a time when criticism shall be conducted in such a spirit. For then will music be considered no longer as a mere system of sounds, which address themselves to one of the organs of sense, and between which and the human soul there exists no other connection than is produced by some accidental association of the time or place in which they have been heard, but as wonderfully interwoven with all the fibres of human thought and feeling, as involving mysteries which nothing but a thorough knowledge of our own nature can elucidate, and as being in its turn one of the best and sublimest interpreters of many of the riddles, with which, in the study of that nature, we are perplexed. Then will it be no longer

\* In the article on Dryden's Works.



a marvel that Haydn should have been able to separate the musical feelings from the sounds which are their most natural expression, and to translate them from the pictures in which he first embodied them into the language of his own science, or that he should have felt so profoundly the inward sense of music, as to consider the composition of an opera or an oratorio only as a continuation of the act of adoration with which he always commenced it. Lastly, the connection which is now denoted by a synonymous word, will be then felt as really subsisting between the harmony which dwells in sounds, and that other more comprehensive harmony which regulates the motions of the universe, and that in which every good man lives with himself, his fellows, and his Creator.

Whether the supporters of THEATRICAL amusements have the same interest in bringing the individuals and society to this point of advancement, is a question more open to dispute. We are not sure whether an imagination so healthy and vigorous as that which will form one of the elements of the character we have described, may not be incompatible with strong admiration for exhibitions which address themselves in any degree to the senses, and not merely through them to the higher faculties of the mind. It is a curious subject, and one on which we do not mean to enter. One thing is clear, that whatever may be the interest of actors and managers, those whose duty it is by every means in their power to strengthen and elevate the public taste, must strive in their criticisms upon this and every subject, to show how the intellect and imagination may be made to prop and sustain each other, being well assured, that if this union of powers shall prove fatal to theatrical amusements, they would only decline because the public have no longer any need of them; that if, on the contrary, they should still furnish gratification to minds so much better constituted, this would be a proof that their improvements have kept pace with the improvements in the public feelings and character. In dramatical criticisms such writers will endeavour to persuade the public to try their favourite actors, not by some imaginary notion of what is *natural*,—that is, by guessing what an individual spectator would have done with all his acquired habits and feelings, had he been in the situation of the character represented, still less by any rules about artificial proprieties and outward demeanour, such as the school critics may impose; but by acquainting themselves with the entire purpose of the character as it came from the poet's hands, by attempting, first to comprehend its original peculiarities, and then to study it as modified by the circumstances in which we find it; by considering how it accords with what, after careful thought, they have determined to be true according to the laws of human nature as far as they can grasp them: lastly, and when they have completed their ideal, by trying how far the performance they are considering has realized it. We have not concealed our apprehensions, that such a mode of considering great performers, might, if carried far, very much diminish the interest which we take in theatricals, either by convincing them how inadequate the usual mode of presenting characters is, or else, by giving the imagination such a strong hold of the ideal character, that it would not wish for a visible impersonation to render its conception more vivid. Be this as it may, however acting, if it is to awaken any interest in a highly cultivated state of society, it ought to answer all these requirements, and if it fail to do so, the fault lies not with those who have fixed a high standard, but with those who are unable to reach it.

#### TRAVELLING TRIFLES.—No. III.

##### VETTURE.

THERE is that in a long journey which draws even from the cold-blooded Englishman, some feelings of sympathy and regard for his fellow-travellers. But the expedition of our coaches so shortens the distance between the most remote points of the land, that he has scarcely time to unbutton his sentiments,

before the sight of his paternal village and familiar scenes drive them back again to their hiding places. He ventures perhaps to join some burly yeoman in the hurried beefsteak, and confides to him his private notions of the weather, but it is not in the hearty wayfaring spirit which pervades those caravans of the continent,—the *vetture* and diligences. His frankness is strange, and sits awkwardly upon him,—it is indulged in with suspicion, and abandoned at the first summons.

Of all her semi-barbarous institutions, the *vettura* is the one of which Italy seems to be most tenacious. Fancy the simplicity of the proprietor, who will intrust to his servant his *valuable* and vast carriage, with three or more horses, and an adequate fund for their support, on a travel of indefinite duration, to be renewed as often, in whatever direction, and as far as this servant willeth;—fancy the moderation of the employer, who engages this vehicle to accomplish a journey of one hundred miles in three arduous days; who is content to rise at day-break for this purpose; to fast and hunger, to be buffeted by casual companions, meagre food, and entertainment depending on chance; who, although perhaps the primum mobile and cause of the expedition, is yet entirely at the mercy of the slave whom he employs;—fancy making the tour of Europe with the same half-fed beasts, the same jolly *vetturino*, the same hempen harness, and possibly with the same unknown companions! It is difficult to pick out the most strange of these strange items. That which is the most amusing, of course, is the accidental assemblage of people, differing in all respects of character, country, and occupation, but placed for a time on the same level, and constrained to find out common matters of interest, existing or ideal.

In Italy, the public and regular conveyances are as yet but badly managed, and not either much recommended or much used. As the intercourse is principally between the large capitals, the number of cross-roads is very small: in fact, the whole itinerary might be reduced to some half dozen routes, which are an understood thing, with all their accidents and conditions, and by constant use, familiar to the minds of travellers, as household words:—Thus, if at Florence you propose visiting Venice, and consult Mochali or any other *Padrone di Vetture* on the subject, he answers you by producing the printed form of agreement, with the spaces, for the most part filled up, as though by instinct he had foreseen your want: you will find there set down as a matter of course, that the journey is to be completed in five days, “*nel corso di giorni cinque compiti, o siano notti quattro*”; that on the first night you will sleep at Scicalasino or Pietro Mala, the next at Bologna, then at Ferrara, then at Monselice, whence to Mestre, and so on by boat to the Piazza San Marco, where you are to be deposited. A series of questions, quite mechanically put, and answers very naturally returned, serve to fill up some of the more cautious blanks—thus: You will be furnished with one meal, a bed-room, fire and lights; you will give a *buonamano* to the *vetturino* according to his behaviour: “*conforme il servizio prestatoli*”; you will not be charged for passage of rivers, bridges, mountains, or barriers. But if you are the unhappy gentleman who engaged the carriage—who announces to Signor Mochali the tidings of this godsend, and gives him an opportunity of filling the remaining seats with other, though in a less degree, beneficial customers, you will probably be taxed proportionably to your kindness, and pay one third more than those who fall into the plan afterwards and by accident. The system is, however, so straightforward that this interview is rendered incalculably short, and what is still more surprising, in the little interval between the day of your contract and the day of your departure, Vincenzio Mochali, will assuredly manage to load his huge vehicle inside and out, with strange creatures, in all probability having the same destination as yourself, and undertaking the journey with similar plans and agreements.

The last clause in the contract between the two parties is the most insidious of the whole. “*Che il vetturino conduttore dovra andar sempre in*

*buoni alberghi, partendo ogni mattina di buon ora per arrivare ogni giorno prima di notte all'albergo ove dovrassi pernottare.*” “That the driver is always to go to good inns, starting early in the day in order to reach the hotel where they are to sleep, before nightfall.” Now, though especial regard is paid to the last injunction, the first is considered a mere duty, and never becomes a deed. Precisely at one hour before your conductors purpose to depart, the sedulous and pains-taking waiter breaks in upon your slumbers, with a little bit of light which is assured to be a candle. You jump up at hearing that all are ready but yourself; entreat for some hot water, which of course, never comes; grope your way into your *sac de nuit*, and slice your ear in paring your left whisker;—immensely hurried, you gallop through your toilet, having brushed the light out with your elbow in shaving, pack up your baggage, and limping with it to the door, hallo lustily, “*I'm ready!*” to the devil-may-care waiter, who, with a stare, promises that if such is the case, he will waken up the *vetturino* almost immediately! You sit for an eternity by a once-warm stove, and feeling the cold beams of the moon, that still glide like ghosts along the wall, you wish you had annulled that horrid “*partendo ogni mattina di buon ora.*”

Nor can much be said for the “good inns,” to which the driver “is always to go.” If possible you should stipulate as to this point most minutely; but then there is such a flagrant want of personal identity in those Italian inns,—so many *La Postas*, and *Albergo Reales*, and *Leone Biancos*, not to mention the *Tre Moris*, and *Gran Bretagnas*, that a novice may well be puzzled which to choose;—if he does not choose, I will inform him what he will get.

In the first place, he will have to struggle for a bedroom; and contrary to his agreement, will possibly share it with a fellow-traveller;—he will dine at a common table with the rest of his party, who upon fast days eat fish and rice only. In the same room, if fortune smile on him, there will be sundry other sets of wanderers, taking their evening meal, or smoking, or squabbling;—if he be unlucky, he will find there more accomplished travellers already sated, and so will succeed to the reversion of their repast;—there will be no fire in this *sala* in winter, and no netting against the mosquitos in his bedroom during summer;—between the successive dishes, he will have time to lose his old appetite, or acquire a new one;—but at last when he goes from the unfurnished eating-room, and through the everlasting passages to the chamber marked out for his use, he there encounters the Calabrese, who has covenanted with mine host to have equal benefit from it with himself, and for half an hour is occupied in hearing patois histories of Neapolitan brigands, and fragments of Catholic worship;—his comrade being nervous wishes not to extinguish the lamp, and during the interruptions of his sleep, caused by the flame just fronting him, he is refreshed by the sonorous intonations of the southern's nose, which acts as a mellow bass to the treble of winged animals hiving in his ear. I say but little of spongy sheets, or the heavy-padded coverlid, wherein, in calm retreat, lie many colonies of crepuscular reptiles, epicurean foresters, who care not for your native flesh, but have an eye, aye, and a tooth, for the plump beef of merry England.

And this is the nightly respite from the weary labours of the road, from the endless prattle of divers tongues, from accidents and fears, delays and difficulties! The catalogue of these diurnal evils might be made without an end; I see amongst its items, the perils of hills and rivers, the frailties of horse, flesh, the human nature of coachmen;—I see that at the foot of the Apennines you cannot move for lack of bullocks; anon the rope traces are split in two, and defy saddlery; one steed somewhere is exceedingly lame or rheumatic, and the process of killing, selling, or exchanging him, is not momentary. It may happen that you next proceed to cross the Po, but the floating bridge not being prepared for you, is lounging on the other side. By hooting, exclaiming, and cursing without redemption, you induce the machine to approach you; the long line of boats,



like the radius of a circle, describes on the surface of the waters a considerable segment, the further one at anchor looking on with mute complacency, whilst that at the other end still keeping at a provoking distance, winds slowly round, as though it were intent on evading you. At last the huge raft is ready to receive the whole equipment, but your leading horse being troubled with the qualms, refuses to embark, and remains coy on the bank, or plunges indecently into the water.

If these are slight afflictions, what shall we term those of the mid-day halting place, the doubtful reception, the scanty fare of grapes and acid wine, served up in a bed-room, where you eke out the pause of two long hours by contriving memorabilia for your note book, or decyphering the damnatory inscriptions of other travellers, left in testimony of their spleen on similar occasions, over all the white-washed walls and window sashes. Perhaps in despair of other entertainment, you while away an hour by staring at the few natives who are enjoying a holiday outside the solitary inn. Their gestures and discourse for a time amuse you, but the demon of ill-humour converts the sweet into bitter, and in the tedium of that long, unemployed, impatient interval, you have lost all the kindness of human charity, when the sound of a rapid carriage animates you once again; it comes nearer and nearer; you distinguish the postillions and their whips, then the body of the carriage, buoyant, fleet, and graceful; it whirls by the inn-door, and you recognise the happy features of your countrywomen.—Happy are they, for they have a scene of beauty around them, and the joyous eyes of those they love are blessing it with themselves, and their swift course leaves them no time for annoyance; for by the setting of that sun they will have reached the very spot to which you are so painfully pointing your tardy steps. That is the hour for deep-drawn melancholy. The fields of England, and all her peerless charms stand arrayed before you, and with a hand which as yet you could not see, appear to beckon you away. Fie on these foolish whims. Are you not in the centre of those gorgeous beauties which deck every prospect with the romance of fairy land? And what assurance have you that the greeting of your own kindred will be warmer than that of these strangers; or the hearth of your home brighter than the desolate one by which you are sitting? Is there not the same romance in contemplating your own land, as the seat of all true love, and honest feeling, as in the fancy you once indulged, that Italy was the poet's only home, the paradise of a desert world; where music and beauty were the produce of the most barren soil, and where life must needs be a continued revelry, with sweet sights and sweeter fancies for ever festooned about your path. Be sure that that series of dreams called pleasure, would be well nigh destroyed if their due succession were interrupted. Let the romance of to-day enjoy its full duration; let it not jostle with its predecessor or follower, but having been entertained during a decent existence, quietly may it pass away nor for a moment clash with any new substitute which sneaks into its vacated post. A fig for those accents of your mother tongue that fell from a siren lip as that carriage past by you;—it is Italy still that is your idol, and though the cunning associations of other times half win you from your allegiance, your maxim should and must be to hold fast the faith, that of all earthly blessings, the most poetical and least reasonable is, the solitary wandering of a home-sick man, even though he travel in a dilatory vettura.

#### VARIETIES.

##### ITALIAN JOURNALS.

THERE is an elaborate and agreeable paper on the art of lithography at Milan, in a late number of the Biblioteca Italiana, from which we extract the following remarks:—

Louis Sennefelder, a chorister at Munich, is recorded as the inventor of lithography. It is not clear, though he wrote his own Memoirs, whether he

had the secret from the Abbé Schmid of that city, or from his own observations discovered the property of certain calcareous stone, such as the streets of Munich are paved with, to retain and impart the tracing of ink to paper or other material, when applied to it with a strong pressure. A process, not unlike this, was known long ago to the Chinese; but Sennefelder in the year 1800 obtained the first patent from the King of Bavaria to have the benefit of his new discovery for thirteen years. In concert with Baron d'Actin he established a regular office at Munich, and the progress of his efforts was so successful, that in a short time many very celebrated works issued from their press, of which may be particularized the Flora Monacensis, and the edition of the Orazione Domenicale in thirty languages, with cuts, by Albert Durer.

From Bavaria the art passed into France, through the medium of Count de Lasteyrie, from whose establishment at Paris all the subsequent ones sprung up. Paulmier applied the new proofs to engraving maps; Cormont and Selves made still further improvements by adapting wooden types to the stone used for lithography; and in 1819, the Hausmans obtained the gold medal for using this process in engraving cloths, silk, and cotton.

Iovanni dell' Armi brought the art into Italy, and exercised his talents at Rome, where he first appeared in 1805. From these countries as a centre it has spread to the farthest district of Europe, to America and India. The lithographic presses at Philadelphia and Calcutta are in high esteem.

Milan, already abounding in specimens of the finest engraving from the hands of Longhi, Anderloni, Garavaglia, Caronni, Bisi, and others, was not slow to take the hint from her neighbours, and made her first experiments in engravings by De Wertz, a Tirolese, who came over to that city in 1807. They were copies from some splendid prints of Longhi and Appiani; but the freedom and distinctness of the original were meanly imitated by this artist, who from want of science or dexterity, in no degree succeeded in the attempt. A long chasm in their operations succeeded; and it was not until the engravings of Vernet and Villeneuve reached them in all their beauty, spirit, and fidelity, that any further effort was made. Giovanni Ricordi indeed established a press for lithographing music, in 1818, but the expense turned out to be greater than by the old method of printing, and even this plan was abandoned.

But the energy of these lovers of art was not so easily to be subdued. Ten years have elapsed, and they have now five establishments, as successful as the difficulties which they have to encounter will allow. Of these difficulties, the principal seems to arise from the want of that fine paper manufactured in France and elsewhere, in consequence of which they are compelled to look for others than their home productions, and to employ the more expensive *carta di lina*, which from its colour harmonises with the stone, and receives a cleaner impression. However, there has been an experiment made by Vallardi, the proprietor of one of the best lithographic presses, to prepare the common *carta di Toscalano*, by a chemical process, for these purposes, and a design by David has been executed on it, representing Milan sitting amongst the relics of its former glory, and surrounded by some of its architectural decorations, both ancient and modern. This establishment of Vallardi was put under the management of Monsieur Bregeant, already known for several successful performances in the *Manuel lithographe* at Paris.

Ricardi, who had failed in his attempt to supersede the old mode of printing music, afterwards was more fortunate in his engravings from Hayez; and latterly, not only drawings, but portraits of the singers and performers at La Scala, with music in abundance, have issued from his press. Signor Elena was the third speculator in the same way. Himself a painter, and assisted by Migliari and Bisi, he has produced many excellent specimens of this kind of art. The *Viaggio Pittorico nel Regno*

Lombardo Veneto is cited as a favourable sample of his skill. Signor Claudio Lozzari is more recent, and has produced but little. His *Ecce Homo* is described as only mediocre.

The last, and perhaps best, of the five establishments is that of Vassali, entrusted to the superintendence of a young man called Guioni, who had received an education in the excellent school of Engelmann, at Paris, that well fitted him for his post. His works are distinguished for clearness, force, and minuteness; and this praise is illustrated by a reference to the book entitled, *Subjects taken from the Historical Romance of Ivanhoe*, by Sir W. Scott, composed and designed by Signor Hayez. This work is to consist of four numbers, each containing five engravings; four being representations of particular portions of the story, and the fifth a portrait of one of the most illustrious characters. At the same time, a series of views of Genoa, and of the *Via mala nei Grigioni* is proceeding from the same press, under the guidance of Bisi; whose skill in landscapes is described as leaving nothing to be desired.

Thus then, the Milanese boast not only the first engravers as a body in the world, but are also making desperate efforts to surpass all others in the art of lithography, though coming at the eleventh hour with all the impediments and local obstacles mentioned by the journalist. From the natural imperfections of the art, it can never aim at a representation of the higher efforts of painting and design; but for sketching, for some departments of painting, and for all purposes where delicacy and exactness are not indispensable, it is one of the most useful issues of the spirit of modern improvement. There can be little doubt but that the industry and talent of the Milanese will be testified in their successful cultivation of this study.

In an Italian miscellany of March, we observe a notice of some unpublished poems by Tasso, which are made to bear strongly upon the question of his imprisonment and its cause. Every one has heard the romantic story of his love for Leonora, the sister of Duke Alphonso; every one also has heard its contradiction. Yet the matter lies still *sub judice*; and no stranger visits the cell at Ferrara without a long detail of the poet's arrogance, the fatal kiss, and his punishment accordingly. If the poems cited have a claim, as is affirmed, to certain authenticity, we should be tempted to desert the banners of the sceptical, and, with Muratori, impute to their writer the heavy crime of having been enamoured of a princess of Este. We subjoin two specimens:—

“Quando sarà che d'Eleonora mia  
Possa godermi in libertade amore?  
Ah pietoso il destin tanto mi dia!  
Addio cedra, addio lauri, addio rosore!”

This was written on one side of a slip of paper, on the reverse of which, in characters of the seventeenth century, were words to this effect:—“It is believed that this paper, found amongst others of Tasso, or forced from him and laid before the duke, was the cause of his disgrace.” Then comes a stanza to the same burden:—

“Fiamma d'amor, che mi divori il petto  
Spegni una volta il tuo fatale ardore;  
Libertade perdei, e d'intelletto  
Privo mi vuol l'irato mio signore!  
D'Eleonora ottener non puoi l'affetto,  
Dunque che giova un disperato amore?  
Vanne lungi da me, vanne in eterno  
Il foco ad aumentar giu nell' Averno.”

The emendations in the poet's own hand are subjoined, and certainly render the fragment a literary curiosity. But the sanction of Signor Mai himself is not enough to establish it as an authentic relic; and some of the collateral circumstances go to disprove its title. It is stated to be full of false orthography, and the critic announces as a plausible reason for it, that Tasso was too intent on his thoughts to care for spelling. But the same reason would vitiate his calligraphy; whereas our recollections of his autographs at Ferrara assure us that the whole



copy of the Jerusalem in the library is transcribed with a neatness and attention "fit for a secretary." The character also inscribed on one of the scraps, "in the seventeenth century," looks very like the expedient of a second Ireland, or of one deeply versed in the subtleties of Warren and Charles Wright.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Now at Moonlight's Fairy Hour.* Song, composed by J. LODGE, Esq. Chappell.

THIS is not a composition for Madame Vestris or the Haymarket; but one which is characterised by the nervousness of the old school, tempered with an Italian spirit and elegance. An introductory andante, in 2-4 time, leads to a very appropriate allegretto, where the characters of the words and music are excellently accommodated each to the other. The second stanza is introduced in a minor key, which is succeeded by some very clever bars, in a more exulting spirit, to the words, "Call on Echo to Rejoice," the last word being prolonged through two bars to a running accompaniment, with a very happy and novel effect. The air is almost disproportioned to the very skilful harmony and modulations for the instrument. The whole accompaniment is the elaborate yet easy production of a poetical and scientific taste.

*That only Star.* Song, composed by MISS WILKINSON. Birchall.

A simple and expressive Scotch ballad, well arranged to a fluent and intelligible accompaniment. The sentiment of the verse is cleverly preserved in a very touching melody.

### THE DRAMA.

#### KING'S THEATRE.

THE revival of the *Medea* and an adjunct of an act of the *Cenereutola*, with Mademoiselle Sontag as the heroine, were attractions sure of their object; and the benefit of Signor Curioni boasted the presence of a most brilliant and crowded house. The former opera is still very strongly impressed on the recollection of the public; for the dramatic character of *Medea* is filled out by Madame Pasta into a vastness and beauty which cannot be forgotten; and whilst her own representation is a series of wonderful pictures, coloured with all, but not more than the truth of nature, one sense assists the other in recalling the entire performance, and those parts which are *oculis commissa fidelibus* prompt the remaining portions, *demissa per aurem*. On the present occasion, much of the opera was omitted, particularly the three first scenes of the second act, which include the sweet song "Caro Albergo" of Aensa, and the magic of *Medea's* incantation. However, there was no lack of admirable music, a cluster of which, by this very curtailment, is found at the commencement of the act. The duet, "Non palpiter Mia Vita," and that of "Ah! d'un alma generosa," were very effective. These are immediately succeeded by that sweet Hymenal symphony which introduces Jason as on the eve of his nuptials, and so well prepares the ear for the sudden melancholy contrast upon the entrance of the chorus. The customary effect was given to the interview of *Medea* with her children, and to the emphatic reply which she makes to Jason in an earlier scene, when the whole majesty and emotion of genius are thrown into the single word "Io!" If we were directed to select any single passage which might most truly be quoted in evidence of Madame Pasta's magnificent execution of her part, we should instance that where the returning feelings of a mother overwhelm the revengeful purposes of the murderess, and she turns to her children with the endearing address, "*Miseri pargoletti*," &c.

The second performance was an act of *La Cenereutola*, a lively, laughing, Cimarosa sort of opera, stamped with the natural character of Rossini, and not corrected by the infusion of much learning or any gravity. To us it seems that at the present day, Rossini is the mother-tongue of music; and all others, either dialects or languages, entirely foreign. Thus

it is that the satisfaction derived from him seems to reach us by ordinary and natural channels; and it is no effort to acknowledge the varieties or degrees of feeling suggested by his music. It is probable, also, that for the same reason we can perceive the poetry and force of others, which we may admire more, but not enjoy as much. This was our creed, when the formality and measured movements of Mayer were succeeded by the impetuous gaiety and carelessness of Rossini. The music of the *Cenereutola* seemed our own atmosphere, and we can scarcely believe but that every one in the theatre breathed more freely in it. Beyond this recommendation it had also another, that of being capitally supported. Zucchelli's Don Manifico was laughably pompous, and his style of singing at once national, appropriate, and scientific. Pellegrini is almost too gentlemanly for valet or barber; but a substitute, equally clever as a singer, and *nonchalant* as an actor, could not well be found. Mademoiselle Sontag appeared in her first scene in the homely garb of Cinderella, and the sympathy of the whole audience was won by the meekness under insult, the girlish pleasure at having an incognito lover, and the feminine simplicity and innocence which she then displayed. How sweet was the first confessional aria, when she scarcely discloses to herself the secret of her concealed attachment! But all this is lost in the after splendour of her execution and display of her brilliant science in the "Dal piu Mesta," which was accomplished with a clearness, facility, and finish, not even surpassed in the variations to Rode's air. We should be doing injustice to one most excellent portion of the opera, if we omitted to mention the buffo duet of Pellegrini and Zucchelli—all spirited, and droll, and Italian. By some mischance, the orchestra was provided with the wrong music, and during the pause in which the performers were hunting for the proper accompaniment, Zucchelli repeated, in character, his own expression. "Un Segreto?" was most felicitously answered by Pellegrini, with a significant appeal to the deranged musicians, in the interpolated words, "*nessun lo sa!*" This duet and the cantata of Mademoiselle Sontag were the principal features of this *petite piece*, which was received as favourably perhaps as by the Parisians when first represented before them,—and gave a requital to the *Maestro* for the indifference with which one of his most agreeable and characteristic operas was formerly heard by us.

#### FRENCH THEATRE.

THE French Theatre is, we regret to say, drawing to its close. The 21st is the last night for the season, of this *corps dramatique*. They take care however, to finish with *eclat*, and no week's amusement has been more rich or varied than the last. Mademoiselle Jenney Vertpré has appeared in two of her best characters, *La Reine de Seize Ans*, and *Sans Tambour ni Trompette*. Her personification of the youthful queen we fearlessly pronounce to be one of her many most successful parts. The mixture of childish petulance, and royal authority, is most happily blended, and naturally sustained. Her graceful and well-proportioned figure assumed, in spite of its slowness, the dignity of royalty, and her voice, in spite of its silver tones, the authority of despotism. As Mrs. Siddons has ever been considered the queen of tragedy queens, so Mademoiselle Jenney Vertpré is the first of queens of vaudevilles. The other characters were supported with the usual respectability. The great novelty of the week was the first and last representation of *L'Homme Automate*. Odry acted the part of a poor *mécanique*, who, after having looked in vain for an employment fitted to his genius, succeeds at last by engaging himself to a strolling puppet showman, as an automaton. The real automaton is dethroned from its pedestal, and the *mécanique*, similarly accoutred, substituted in its place: the village is assembled to witness the performance of the new automaton, who, after being audibly wound up, goes through several wiry motions, well worthy of any such piece of machinery. On the spectre's retiring, the flesh-

and-blood automaton betakes himself to a bottle of wine, which has been incautiously left near him by the innkeeper, by whom he is detected in the act of draining it,—the innkeeper, alarmed and enraged, runs out, for the purpose, apparently, of allowing the representative to reinstate his prototype on the pedestal. On his return he seizes the lifeless figure, thrusts him down a well, and is struck dumb with horror the instant afterwards, at finding the automaton still standing before him on the pedestal, in all his inanimate stiffness. We have given a slight sketch of the point of this piece, as a specimen of the extravagant plotless vaudevilles, which, in defiance of the laws of reason and nature, are so common in France, and whose popularity has even extended to England. Odry is the French Liston, and though far inferior to our inimitable actor, is not unworthy of some comparison with him. Much of his talent, however, can scarcely be appreciated, except in his own country, as his French is, from the nature of his characters, none of the purest, and his jokes are, therefore, not readily understood.

#### VAUXHALL.

THE perennial charms of this suburban paradise for our pent-up metropolitan admirers of green leaves, yellow-lamps, and light-hearted company, have suffered no abatement, and are even enhanced by new devices for the public amusement. Music, dancing, and fireworks, the old "religion" of the place, are supported by cosmoramic and dioramic exhibitions, some of which are really striking and beautiful: we would particularize the views of Lorch, Cologne, and St. Petersburg. The remarks of French spectators crowded round the View of Paris, and unsuccessfully endeavouring to fix the exact point of sight from which it was taken, were more amusing to the bystander than creditable to the artist. A spectacle of extraordinary novelty and splendour concludes the entertainments of the evening, in the getting up of which it may be said, with literal truth, that the proprietors have gone through fire and water to divert us, and have compelled the warring elements to harmony in the production of a scene where father Neptune himself need have "thought no scorn" to be employed as stage-manager. Indeed the fishy monarch's counterfeit presentment occupies a distinguished place in the centre of the spectacle, in the act of crowning Britannia with the naval wreath of Navarin. All around spring up *jets-d'eau* which, strongly illuminated with ever-changing rainbow-tints of red, blue, and yellow, form the grand and leading feature in this splendid finale, accompanied by dazzling flights of fireworks, and by the glorious national melody of "Rule Britannia," drowned ever and anon by mimic peals of "England's thunders." Altogether the effect was incomparable, well warranting reiterated rounds of applause from the spectators in the walk and in the gallery.

#### NEW ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

THE full attendance at the annual performance of the Messiah, on Wednesday evening, either proves an undegenerate relish for the masterpiece of Handel, or a liberal wish to co-operate with the society which superintended it, in its excellent endeavours for the support of our distressed musicians. The pleasure we should derive from either of these cases, is diminished by the fear that the present performance was not calculated to keep up either the taste for such compositions, or the spirit of charity itself. A periodical bringing forth of the same first-rate music by the same first-rate performers, who have probably by long experience become skilled in every minute point of shading and effect throughout the whole oratorio, gives a promise of something infinitely more perfect than the last performance. We expect the concentrated excellence of our native talent, and if we do find it in the instrumental, it certainly did not appear in the vocal department. It would shock any of our orthodox *virtuosi*, to be presented with the apparition



tion of a Messiah, opened by Duruset, seconded by Bellamy, and followed by Terrail! This poverty was indeed startling; and even though the absence of some of the promised singers was accounted for, it is almost beyond comprehension why the entire and original, though too speculative list, did not include names of higher character and value. Miss Stephens retains some of her liquid tones, and a show of momentary feeling now and then; but it is an imperfect and doubtful performance at the best of times, and we cannot be satisfied with her as the main support of this stately and glorious music. Duruset, with a very peculiar sweetness, has no force or activity of voice; the former defect was apparent in the heraldic proclamation of "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" which used to burst from the lips of Catalani as though it were about to make the round of the spheres, and penetrate all space; the latter defect rendered the more lively movement of "Every valley," &c. comparatively tame. Bellamy cannot be said to possess any musical intonation; and his hard wooden notes in any more rapid passage, are confused and indistinguishable. But beyond this, why are not the chorusses better done? Surely there is an abundance of mediocre singers who are precisely calculated for this office, and might succeed with effect to the post of these very decrepid and halting performers.

Mr. Terrail, by some infatuation, committed himself with the beautiful air, "Oh! thou that tellest good tidings to Zion!" We do not wish to visit this sin too harshly upon him, but that it reminds us of other matters with which the recollection of the song is associated. We believe that it was given on this occasion, as it generally is, and always should be, to Miss Wilkinson, who for some unknown reason has provoked the spleen of a critic in *The Harmonicon*, by her very superior execution of it. In answer to one observation there made, we can assure the writer that this song was composed for, and originally sung only by, female *contr'alti*; that it is not calculated for male singers, as he insinuates; and therefore when he talks of "misery," and so forth, he would seem to have learned his lesson badly, and to have exhibited his agonies out of place. We have always felt indebted to Miss Wilkinson for rescuing this magnificent, and in her hands singularly-effective composition, from the imbecility to which it was formerly intrusted; and but for some previous experience,\* we should have expected the same acknowledgment at the hands of this writer. But while we state, that in the case of this accomplished and very promising young singer such due verdict was not pronounced, and such upright and judicial honesty not exercised, we satisfy ourselves with assuring the critic, that beyond the pain he unjustly inflicts, there will be the peril of a weakened reputation even to himself, unless he adopts other motives for his attacks, than that the objects of them are young, or talented, or defenceless.

#### PIO CIANCHETTINI'S MORNING CONCERT.

A SINGULAR though very agreeable selection of music was made by Signor Cianchettini on this occasion, who appears to have had in view the gratification of every quality of *gusto* which London could exhibit. The instrumental duets were as pleasing as they were varied: Mr. Schunke, on the french-horn, took a part with Miss Cianchettini on the piano-forte, in one by Moscheles; then came an oboe and pianoforte; a concerto by Mori; a fantasia, by Huerta, on the guitar; and, lastly, a duet on the harp and piano-forte by Labarre and Pio Cianchettini. This was relieved by several excellent vocal pieces, in the different styles of Pellegrini and Curioni, Torri and De Begnis, Caradori and Brambilla, Miss I. Paton and Mad.

\* As an evidence of contradictory criticism, we will quote an admission made in *The Harmonicon* last year—that "Miss Wilkinson sang 'O thou!' &c., in a manner that has never been surpassed." And for wilful animosity, we might allude to an occasion when this very singer was severely castigated for some song which she did not sing, at some concert which she did not attend!

De Vigo, and, amongst the others strange to be seen, was Mr. Braham. The delicacy of Mad. Caradori was perfectly adapted to a cavatina and polacca, composed by Cianchettini, full of sweetness and southern tenderness: her voice was afterwards well contrasted with the contralto of Madlle. Brambilla in Rossini's "Questo cor ti giura amore;" but in mentioning the latter name we are reminded of the want of judgment displayed in apportioning the parts of that vivid and brilliant terzetto "Cruda Sorte;" in which by a sad defect of keeping the small notes of Mad. De Vigo and Signor Torri were necessarily lost in the full bursts of Madlle. Brambilla.—If it were required to go more into detail, we should be tempted to particularize the performance of Huerta as something almost superhuman: the tones of his instrument so tiny, and yet so distinct; so rapid, delicate, and harmonious, gave an idea of the music of fairies, or the beneficent sylphs of Rosicrucians. The Spanish *Bajelito* by Mad. De Vigo was very arch and significant; and Miss I. Paton upheld the honour of the native school with better success than Mr. Braham, who is now absolutely unfit for a concert room. The entire instrumental division was excellent, and the talented performer who gave this concert is entitled to much praise for its masterly superintendence.

#### CATALOGUE RAISONNÉE OF MODERN PUBLICATIONS.

*Brief Account of Proceedings in Parliament relative to Defects in the Administration of Justice, in the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupt.* By C. P. COOPER, Esq. London, 1823. Murray.

THIS is, beyond all comparison, the most important work which has yet appeared in reference to projected, or we should perhaps rather say agitated, judicial reforms; not even excepting the *Lettres sur La Cour de la Chancellerie*, which, if we are not misinformed, proceeded in verity from the same pen. While it somewhat too modestly professes to supply a memorial merely of what has passed in parliament upon the subject, the compiler has contrived to inculcate the record with matter calculated to furnish even the best informed with materials for fresh rumination upon the passing strangeness of the moral and mental condition of some things in this great country—(say rather this country of the great)—and to supply a *fulcrum*, from which the future efforts of wise and practical reform must work with a power that is absolutely tremendous.

Mr. Cooper, with an amount of moral courage as inspiring as it is unknown to the body to which he belongs, has torn down all rails which intervened between the public eye, and the interior abuses of the dynasty of Lord Eldon, as well as those of them which have followed, with new features, the career of his successor; but he has done this not in the dashing style of a popular declaimer, but with the calm and measured gravity of an erudite, experienced, and practical citizen, but one moreover who has learnt, and who is disposed to teach those who have yet to learn,—that there is something else in the world besides personal interest and aggrandizement, and conventional self-complacency.

A work of this nature and quality has a double value. It is equally calculated to put down the babblings of the conceited ignoramuses who are brought by the temporary popularity of reform into an importance and currency with the public which does not belong to them, and which sickens men of real information, and almost disaffects them to the cause.

*Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland during the Summer of 1827.* Baldwin and Cradock.

IF our fair countrywomen, like the authoress of this book, will employ their pretty fingers in writing Irish travels, we assure them that they will be doing a great deal of good both to us and to them-

selves. A gentleman who goes to Ireland, whatever be his age, talents, or information, must come home with a theory. On the contrary, so far from any lady being obliged to import the most cumbersome wares, we are convinced that a custom-house officer would fail in his duty, who, having found such an article in her portmanteau, did not detain it as contraband. This is a happy privilege, as it enables them to write down their impressions about what they see just as they occur, without troubling themselves to consider whether the Lake of Killarney is Orange or Catholic, or how far the Giant's Causeway is favourable to Mr. Wilmot Horton's emigration schemes. The present authoress has availed herself of this privilege, and has accordingly been able to produce a very agreeable book, which she has further enlivened by some pretty and well-executed plates.

*King Charles the First the Author of Icon Basiliké, further proved in a Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Reply to the Objections of Mr. Lingard, Mr. Soold, Mr. Broughton, the Edinburgh Review, and Mr. Hallam.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. Murray.

THOSE who know any thing of the duration of historical controversies, will not be surprised to find, that the battle which has been raging for the last two hundred years, about the authorship of *Icon Basiliké*, is not yet half over. The master of Trinity College has very best words to say upon the subject; and it is very unlikely that his opponents will allow those words to be the last. With some prejudices in favour of that view of the question which we suppose we may call the more common one, though it numbers Dr. Wordsworth and other able men among its opposers, we are yet constrained to own that the Gordonites have laid a considerable stress upon some very fragile arguments. Even the celebrated words of Clarendon, that "when it ceased to be a secret, he knew nobody would be glad but Mr. Shelton," cannot, we think, be much relied upon—seeing that it might be urged, with some plausibility, that Milton would have been much more glad, as Clarendon must have known, that a work which he believed utterly worthless and hypocritical, be considered the work of the King, than of Dr. Gordon.

Dr. Wordsworth is a keen and active disputant, though he sometimes overworks his arguments, and dwells too long upon minute points—clear proofs that he has been exercised much oftener in the controversies of the schools, than in the disputes of the world. To make up for this, he is a much more industrious collector of facts, than more lively and forensic reasoners are wont to be. There are few men of letters who have not, at some time or other of their lives, felt an interest in this question; and they cannot be said to have investigated it thoroughly, unless they have read Dr. Wordsworth's former treatises on the subject, and his present defence of it.

*Constanza: a Poem.* Longman and Co.

OUR first impressions of this poem are pleasing; but as we have not had time to read it with attention, we must reserve a more lengthened notice of it till next week.

*Harewood on the Curative Influence of the South of England.* Colburn.

THIS book we intend should undergo a careful medical examination in our pages next week. We merely mention it now, to show that a work on so important a subject has not escaped our attention.

#### LE GLOBE.

IN the *Globe* of the 29th of May, there are some papers of great ability. One of the best written and most useful of these is an article headed *Statistique de la Presse Periodique et de ses Delits*. This is not a ranting production about "la liberté" and "le genre humain," and civilization going into mourning, such as one occasionally reads in the *Constitutionnel*, but a straight-forward business-like statement of some very singular and important facts. From



this article it appears that in 1826, there were 490 French journals; from which, deducting those that are purely scientific and professional, there remain 150 capable of committing the three great crimes of "defamation, atteinte aux mœurs, and provocation à la haine, et au mépris du gouvernement." By documents obtained from les comptes généraux de l'administration de justice in France, it appears that in Paris and the departments together, there were only eleven sentences against these 150 journals in the course of that year; that only five were considered worthy of any imprisonment; and those five of an imprisonment not exceeding one year. Adding to these the number in the thirteen years previous, it appears that the total number of sentences pronounced in these years against the journals were forty-nine; against other works, during the same time, the sentences were 234, and generally of a severer description; so that the spirit of journalism against which M. Peyronnet and his colleagues have been so long declaiming as the fruitful source of every iniquity, has incurred less than fifty visitations of any description from the tribunals of France in a series of fourteen years! The writer of the article also makes another important remark. Of the 234 sentences passed against the other works, (not journals,) scarcely a sixth were called for by political offences. The remainder were chiefly directed against obscene publications; thus showing, (as he ingeniously adds,) that "when we sin against good order, it is by relapsing into the habits of the old regime."

In the number for the 29th of May, there is an excellent paper on the Test and Corporation Act repeal, and the debates upon Catholic emancipation. If the article to which we have just alluded is valuable to us as communicating a knowledge of many facts respecting our neighbours, this is at least equally instructive, as correcting some silly arguments which we have been in the habit of resorting to among ourselves. The needlessness of recurring at this time of day to the Treaty of Limerick has been often pointed out; but to have a full conception of the absurdity of their favourite topic our legislators should observe the impression which it makes upon indifferent and intelligent foreigners. We have not time further to notice these journals except to remark that there is a good critique upon Kean's *Shylock*, in which the French editor retracts the unfavourable opinion which he had formed of our countryman from his performance of *Richard*, and expresses as much admiration of his genius as we could possibly desire.

#### CASE OF MR. WILMINGTON FLEMING.

WE must again implore the sympathy of our readers on behalf of this unfortunate man, whose pathetic appeal was inserted in our first number. Since the appearance of that number his severe privations, and his attendance upon the sick bed of his mother, have brought on a slow fever, which has made it more impossible than ever for him to use the necessary exertions to preserve himself and his parent from starvation. After reading the poems which he has from time to time published, and looking over a volume which he has forwarded to us, in hopes of raising a small sum, for which he would not be considered beholden to charity, we can say honestly, that however unfortunate his cultivation of this talent may have proved to himself, that he was not led into the error by mistaking or overrating his powers. Some of his compositions exhibit very considerable ability, and there are a few of them which are not inferior to four-fifths of what is called poetry in the present day. But whether or not he has erred in this respect, his present sufferings are occasioned by circumstances out of his control;—his furniture was seized to pay the debts of another, and for his fault he is now undergoing such severe punishment. Under these circumstances we trust that this appeal will not be in vain; the result of it—we speak without exaggeration—will determine whether a fellow-creature, and a man of talent, shall live or perish.

#### TO READERS.

THE great length to which the review of Franklin's *Voyage* extends, has obliged us to postpone several long and important criticisms, especially on the *Memoires* of the Duc de Rovigo, Carlo Botta's *History of the Consulate of Napoleon*, and D'Israeli's *Reign of Charles I.* (began in our last.)

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Wood's *Letters of an Architect*, from France, Italy, and Greece, 2 vols. 4to. plates, £4. 4s.—Holberg's *Niels Klim*, 10s. 6d.—The *Betrothed*, from the Italian of Manzoni, 3 vols. £1. 1s.—Franklin's *Second Expedition*, 4to. plates, £4. 4s.—Ulrica of Saxony, 3 vols. 16s. 6d.—Knight's *Modern and Ancient Gems*, 86 plates, £1. 11s. 6d.—Johnstone's *Specimens of Lyric Poets*, 5s. 6d.—Stevenson on *Deafness*, 7s. 6d.—Bent's *Antiquities of Rome*, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15s.—Taylor's *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, vol. 1, 15s.—*Views of Virginia Water*, 3 Parts, 7s. 6d. ea. h.—Harwood on the *Curative Influence of the South of England*, 9s. 6d.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock, Morning.	1 o'clock, Noon.	11 o'clock, Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock, Noon.	
June 6	61	61	52	29.66	Cloudy.
— 7	56	57	54	30.00	Ditto.
— 8	59	66	56	... 11	Ditto.
— 9	64	68	55	... 18	Fair.
— 10	63	65	61	... 21	Cloudy.
— 11	65	70	61	... 20	Fair.
— 12	65	64	58	... 19	Cloudy.

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